THE HISTORY OF

The famous and renowned Knight Sir BEVIS of *Hampton*.

LONDON,
Printed by *G. D.* for *Andrew Crook*, and are to be sold at the sign of the *Green Dragon* in *Pauls* Church-yard. 1662.

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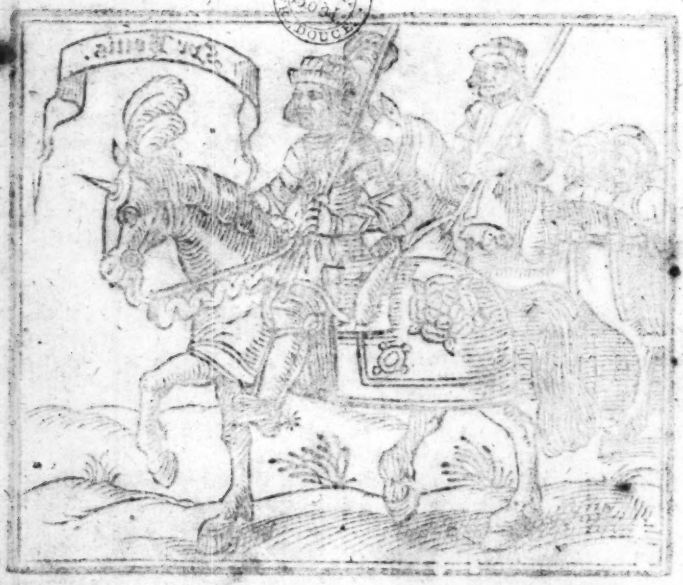

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Printed by G. D. for Andrew Clerk, and are to be sold at the Sign of the Three Pidgeons in Paul's Church-yard. 1691.

THE HISTORY

Of the Famous and Renowned Knight

Sir BEVIS of *Hampton*.

LIsten Lordings, and hold you still, of doubty men tell you I will,
That have been in many a stour, and held up England in great honour,
That before this time hath been, by a knight it is that I mean, (light,
Sir Bevis of Hampton that knight hight, that never was proved coward in
And by his father that hight Sir Guy, a valiant knight and full hardy,
And how Sir Guy betrayed was, through his wife it came to pass:
That time was Guy of great renown, Earl he was of South-hampton.
In Christendom far and near, for doughtiness was not his peer,
None was so hardy nor so strong, he loved the right and not the wrong.
In every Land he rode and yed, for to win him praise and meed,
In France, in Flanders, and in Almain, in Brabant, in Cicily, and in Brittain,
In Denmark, Callice, and in Gascoyn, in Hungary, Calabre, and Burgoyn,
In Pole, in Normandy, and Main, in Turkey, Mambrant, and in Spain,
In Eastland, Norway, and in Picardy, in Scotland, Wales, and Lombardy,
In Christendom and in Heathenesse, well was known Sir Guy's worthiness;
In all the Lands of Christenty, was none found better then he.
While he was young and jollife, Sir Guy would wed no wife,
But when that he was old, and waxed feeble, weak and cold,
Then took he his leave of Chivalry, and dwelt in England certainly,
In that time King Edgar anon, sent unto Sir Guy full soon.
For Sir Guy was true and wise, and known for a knight of great price:
He made him high Steward of his Land, and what he said it did stand:
He well kept England in his days, and made peace and stable laws,
So that no man was so hardy, to do another villany.
Upon a day bethought Sir Guy, that he would wend some fair Lady,
To have between them a child fair, that of his Land might be Heir,

The King of Scotland in that tide, had a daughter of much pride,
The Emperours brother of Almain, loved that Lady as my ſain,
And ſo did ſir Guy, he would her habe, and of her father he did her crabe:
The King of Scotland thirdly, gabe his Daughter unto ſir Guy;
Againſt the will of his daughter bright, ſhe had lever had the other knight.
For he was young and bold, but ſir Guy was now wared old,
Alas that ebed he her chole, his own life thereby to loſe.
Sir Guy wedded that Ladyfree, and brought her home to his countrey;
So long to bed he her led, that a Man-child together they bed.
Bevis, they called that child bold: he was no more then ſeben yeard old,
When that his Father he was ſlain, by ſir Murdure of Almain.
The Lady bethought her on a day, unto her ſelf thus did ſhe ſay.
My Lord is old and may not worch, all the day he bideth in the Church,
What for bruſſing and what for age, he loveth not with me to rage,
But had I taken a young knight, that had not been bruſſed in fight,
He would love me both day and night, and make me all the mirth he might.
Truly it ſhall be thus no while. I ſhall let ſlay him by ſome guile.
After a meſſenger the Lady did ſend, that before had been her friend.
She ſaid, thou ſhalt on my meſſage, thy ſelf alone without any Page.
And if thou kep my counſail, I will quite well thy travail.
Madam, he ſaid, hold you ſtill, for I will do after your will.
The Lady was then glad and fain, go then, ſhe ſaid, to Almain.
And greet well from me Sir Murdure, brother to the Emperour,
And bid him in the firſt day, of the merry month of May,
That there in this Forreſt he be, well armed with his company,
Bid him that it be not ſpared, but that my Lord be there beheaded,
And ſend it me for a preſent, my Lord ſhall naked to him be ſent,
If he me love that ſhall I ſee, go forth and greet him thus from me.
The meſſenger to the water yeed, alas the wind was all for yeed:
Into Almain he was brought, to the Court he went he forgat it nought,
And asked ſoon one another, till he came to the Emperours brother,
To him he told his meſſage thus, in private between them two.
Now truly may I well ſee, how that Lady loveth me,
Gladder I am, though I it ſay, than any tongue till may,
All her will I mean to do, greet her well, and ſay to her ſo:
Have here a ſteed for thy travail, with treaſure charged for thy avail,
And if it ſtand in main and might, I my ſelf will make thee a Knight,
The meſſenger thanked him then, and to England he is gone agen.
To Hampton he came all in fear, of his enemies that were there,
And ſaid, my Lady God thee ſee, well ſir Murdure greeteth thee.
Glad he is of thy meſſage, for he hath quit my voyage:
And certainly he will be preſt, with a great Hoaſt in your Forreſt.

The

Thy Lord to assail with main and might, thy lode to win Lady bright.
When the messenger had all said, the Lady held her well apaid.
On the first day of May, the Lady lained her sick and lay,
She made a man her Lord to call, and said an evil end her befal:
The Earl for her had sorrow and thought, and asked if she would ought,
Sir, she said, might I it get, of a wild Boze I fain would eat.
Dame, he said, and love mine, where should I find the wild Swine,
That might once glad thee? Sir, in your Forrest it betyde,
Dame, he said, make good solace, for in the Forrest I will go chace.

And she said with treason then, blessed be thou of all men.
The Earl a Courser gan best ride, his Sword he hanged by his side,
There might no man with him rin, he was the formost man therein,
Alas that he had been aware, of his enemies that were there.
But when he came to the Forrest, and was in chase after the beast,
Him thought he heard Sir Murdare, cry aloud, Sir Guy, thou Traytor.

And pricked out before his Hoaſt, with pomping pride and great boaſt,
And to ſir Guy thus did he ſay, yeild thee Traytor, for by my fay,
Thou and thy ſon both dead ſhalt be, for the love of thy Lady free,
For I her loved ere thou her knew, yet thou her haſt, and ſhalt it rew.
Sir Guy anſwered with reaſon, and ſaid alas here is treaſon,
Yet will I to God me mend, here in my right my ſelf defend.
Either then did other deſie, then ſpurred his Horſe good ſir Guy,
And ſmote ſir Murdure with a ſpear, out of the ſaddle he did him bear:
Traytor, he ſaid, yea and coward bold, wœneſt thou though I be old,
That I ſhould of thee be harmed? with that ſir Guy his ſword out wrefted,
And would have ſlain that falſe Knight, had not ſuccour come full right:
Sir Murdures men hied them ſo, again ſir Guy they came full tho:
Both thy ſir Guy defend him can, full many he ſlew with his hands than:
Had he been well armed I wis, all the maſtery had been his.
But then ſir Murdure was horſed again, ſir Guys Horſe they had ſlain.
When his horſe was ſlain, that ſtound, ſir Guy was felled to the ground,
For had his horſe lived that tide, he had quite abated all their pride.
When ſir Guy was on foot, without leſs, all they gan about him preſs.
You never heard of an old man ere, that fought ſo long as he did there,
But then kneeled Guy to ſir Murdure, and ſaid, mercy and ſuccour,
Now Murdure for thy gentry, thus cowardly let me not here die,
But lend me here, armour and ſhield, and let me die here in the field.
And if with me thou will do ſo, I thee forgive if thou me ſloe,
Then cryed they all in this wiſe, ſlay him that he may never riſe.
With that ſir Murdure to him yead, and full ſoon ſmote off his head,
To a Knight he gave his head, go, he ſaid, now he is dead.
To the Counteſs that is ſo bright, ſay I will come to her this night.
The Knight unto the Lady went, and ſaid, Madam, here is a preſent,
My Lord thee ſent it, ſir Murdure, this night he will come to thy boure.
This gift, ſhe ſaid, 's life to me, and thank ſir Murdure of his gentry,
And ſay I am all at his will, early and late, loud and ſtill.
The Meſſenger went his way, and told his Lord what ſhe did ſay.

How *Bevis* kept ſheep upon the *Downs*, and how that he left the ſheep, & went to his Fathers houſe, and how he ſlew the Porter, with other things that he did there.

NOw will we of young Bevis tell, how he lived, and what him befell.
Alas, he ſaid, all forſeen, that I had with my father been.

To

To have help him in that stour, against that false theef sir Murdure.
To his mother he ran and said, why hast thou my father betrayd:
I will be avenged and be thy bane, alas that ever thou wert woman.
And all women for thy sake, to the Devil of Hell I them betake.

But an oath mother I do swear, if ever I may armes bear,
I will be avenged with might and main, on him that hath my father slain:
His mother his words under stood, and gave him a buffet on the hood,
So grouno he fell that he was harm, his Uncle took him up by the arm.
Then call his Uncle, Sir Sabere, the child was to him full dear,
For Sabere was Sir Guyes brother, in England was not such another.
Home with the child Sabere went, the Lady soon after him sent.
Sabere, she said, for weal or woe, my son Bevis see that thou sloe,
For I shall never glad be, that day that I do him see.
Sir Sabere was not well apaid, yet granted as the Lady said,
Home he went with friends few, and within a while a Boy he slew,
Bevis clothes that were so good, he sprinkled with the Bloud.

Sir

Sir Sabere then all for dread, cloathed the child in a poor weed,
And said, Bevis thou must keep, upon the Downs my flock of sheep,
Till the spousage be brought to end, then will we to Wales wend,
There is an Earl kin to thee, thou shalt there dwell and with him be:
When thou art big & armes canst bear, & hast strength harnels to wear,
Then mayst thou claim thy Heritage, & avenge thy father, being of age,
Then I will help thee for to fight, with dint of sword to win thy right.
Therefore my sheep see thou forth drive, let no man know thou art alive.
Forth went Bevis with Saberes sheep, unto the field, and sore gan weep.
When Bevis was set upon the Down, he looked up to South-hamptown,
And as he looked toward the Tower, Trumpets he heard and Tabour,
Harping there was & much blis in that place that should have been his,
Lord, he said, that of me art governor, was not I an Earls son of honor:
I will no longer bide on this Down, home I will to South-hamptown,

And will now see presently, what Murdure doth with that Lady.
He ran fast on his gate, till he came to the Castle gate,
Porter, he said, take mine ill, for into the Hall an message I will.

Fie Arbould said the the Porter tho, whoson harlet sée thou hense go.
There is no man but he were mad, on message would send such a lad,
Whose son, said Bevis, if I be one, yet harlet was I never none,
Thou shelt never a stranger despise; have this for thy seruise.
Such a stroke he gaffe, that his braines cleve to the staffe,
Bevis into the hall went, with ragged cloathes and slée be rent,
All about he gan behold, and to sir Murdure spake words bold.
False theef what dost thou here, why hast thou slain my father dére?
My mother it is that thou hast tan; went forth in the deuils name,
And if thou dwell against my leave, I trust in God I shall thée greue.
Then said Murdure, hold thée still, thou canst no good but much ill,
Bevis hit Sir Murdure at that word, that he swouned at the board:
Another stroke he struck sadly, with that the Lady began to cry,
Then Bevis would no longer abide, for Knights arose on every side.
For young Bevis woe there was, they took him not, but let him pass.
Bevis went home I you bete, he met his Maker amid the stréet.
What now Bevis? said Sabere, for Gods sake what dost thou here?
Beaten I have my step-father, and slain I have his Porter.
Then said Sabere, thou art too blame, by this I get both harm & shame:
But betide what may betide, once again I will thée hide:
Sabere him to Chamber led. of the Countess he was adread.
The Countesse would never blin, till she came to sir Saberes Inne,
Sabere, she said, where is become, that uncouth lad, that strong fellowe?
Dame, he said, he is dead, at your Counsell and at your read,
Loe his cloaths are all blood. Thou liest, said she, as thou were wood,
But do thou that lad take, else thou shalt suffer for his sake.
Bevis heard that she him threat, to her he leapt with heart great,
And said to her, Dame, do my maker for me no shame.
The Lady said, thou art bold, now to me thy life is sold.
Sabere and another Knight, she called to her anon right.
Him to them betook she, and bid them cast him into the sea.
And call the Boy amids the stream; sir Sabere, though thou be his Eame:
But thou drown this glutton, thou shalt abide for that treason.
Gladly my Lady certes, said he; the child he led into the Sea;
They would not drown him for ought, but another thing they bethought.

Now Bevis was ſold unto the Panims, and carried over the Sea into Armony, and was preſented to King Ermine.

They found ſhips both more and leſs, of Panims and of Heathenels,
They ſold the child with much thought. and to the Panims Bevis they
Bevis heart waxed cold, when to the Panims he was ſold. (brought.

But yet him lift not to rage, ther they made good voyage; (twon.
Their ſails they drew, the wind was good, they ſailed forth as they were
Till they came to the river Nie, that leads to the land of Armony;
The King Ermine of that Land. his wife was dead I underſtand,
He had a Daughter fair and bright, Iosian that fair Maiden bight,
Her viſage white as lilly flower, therein ran the red colour,
With bright browes and eyes cleen, her hair as gold-wire was ſeen,
With comely noſe and lips full ſweet. lovely mouth and fine feet,
With teeth white and even ſet, her hands were white as Violet,
With ſtraight body without en lack, well ſhapen both of belly and back.

With

With small hands and fingers long, nothing of her was shapen wrong,
Wherefore should I deceive, there was never on fairer on live.
The Merchants are to Court gon, and presented the King with Bevis anon;
Therefore the King was fain & blith, & thanked the Merchants a hundredfith;
By Mahound, said the King, I were gay, would this child forsake his lay.
For by Mahound, that sitteth on hie, yet saw I never a child with eye,
That bare so much fairness, neither in length nor broadness.
Child, he said, thy name tell me, where thou wert born, & in what contrey.
Sir, he said, Bevis is my name, where I was born think I no shame,
In England my mother bare me, at South-hampton upon the Sea,
My father thereof was Earl a while, my mother let slay him by a guile:
And hath me sold to the Paynims; a wickeder woman may none be I wis,
And if I may live certainly, I shall revenge my father Sir Guy.
The King of Armony said, full well, of Guy of Hampton I have heard tell.
Many a Palmer and Saracin, he hath slain with much pain:
Bevis, said he, I have no Heir, but a Daughter that is fair:
And thou wilt the Lord forsake, and to Apoline our Godthe betake,
I shall give the her to thy wife, and all my Land after my life.
Sir, he said, that will I nought, for all things that ever was wrought,
Neither for any gift that may be, nor for thy Daughter that is bee:
I should do my self dishonour, if I should forsake my Creatour.
The King did him no stance, for he was stedfast in his credence.
The King said, Bevis, whilst thou art swain, thou shalt be my Chamberlain.
When thou art dubbed a Knight, thou shalt bear my Banner in fight.
Bevis answered mild and still, what you bid me do, that I will:
Bevis was loved of Squire and Knight, for he was courteous day and night:
Iosian gan Bevis for to love, over all things that was above.
When Bevis was fifteen year old, Knight nor Squire was none so bold,
That against Bevis durst ride, he with no weapon him abide.
The first deed without less, that Bevis did in Heathenes.
It fell upon Christmas day, how it was I will you say:
Bevis rode to field him to solace, and sixty Saracin met him alas;
A Saracin gan to Bevis say, Bevis, tell me what night this day;
Bevis answered him, I wis, I wot not what day it is,
For I was but seven year old, when to the Heathens I was sold;
Therefore fellow blame not me, if I wot not what day it be,
The Saracin said and laugh, we can tell this well enough,
This day is Christmas day, that thy God was born, men say,
This day thou shouldst thy God honour, with some Nobles as we do our,
Bevis unto a Saracin said, of Christendom dost thou me braid?
I would I were as well armed in this place, as ever Sir Guy my father was,
For his love that ware the crown of thorn, and on this holy day was born,

Would I fight with all the rout, then should men see without doubt,
Whether he were stronger in heaven, or all the Mahounds you can name.
Hearken fellows said a Saracine, how he despiseth Apoline,
Yet weeneth this Christian hound, that he can bring us to the ground.

We will no longer have respit, who so doth best shall be seen now right:
Turn thee Bevis, we thee dede, there is nought else but thou shalt die,
All at once on him they swong, and gave him wounds wide and long.
Bevis had no weapon great nor small, for to defend himself withall.
There was no bote for him to pray, but let him do the best he may,
Bevis was light and quick, and to a Saracin he gan leap,
And with his fist he stroke so fast, that his cheek bone he all to brast.
The Saracins sword he took in hand, and felled all that before him stand;
There men might see much woe, when Bevis hands began to go:
To some he gave such wounds, that they lay grinning like Hounds.
The Saracins were light and lie, assailed Bevis with great envy:
About Bevis the Saracins did leap, as they had been a flock of sheep:
Of some he gan the wams down tear, that the guts trailed here and there.

There

There was no Saracin that he hit, but his body in sunder he split.
There might none flie by any side, but Bevis made there abide
And Bevis within a little stound, the sixty Saracins brought to ground.
Great game had Bevis to see then, the hurt Saracins to lie and grin,
Here is seen, said Bevis, in this stound, that God is stronger than Mahound.
The Saracins steeds homewards ran, without the guiding of any man:
And Bevis homewards did ride, with bloody wounds on each side,
He stabled his Horse tho, and to his Chamber gan he go,
To the fresh earth he laid him flat, for to stanch his wounds with that.
Tidings came to King Armine, that in despite of his God Apoline,
Bevis had slain his men sixty, and to the King done shame and villany,
The King swore never to eat bread, if it were so, till he were dead:
When Josian it heard, she was full woe, and to her father she did goe,
And said, you ought not to give Judgement, till both parties be present.
Bevis is so mild of mood, I wot he did no man but good,
(By Mahound and by Termagant) but if he were defendant.
Then said the King, bring both to me, as Josian saith so shall it be,
When we have heard both parties, then will we do justice,
Josian called forth two Knights, go your way she said forth rights,
To Bevis that is so free, and bid him come and speak with me:
To the chamber they went as she them bad, either the other by the hand had,
And when they came to the chamber door, the one Knight went in before,
And said, Bevis, is it thy will, to come speak with Josian thy fill?
Bevis lookt up with grim visage, fie, he said, on your message,
I will not once stir off this ground, to speak with any Heathen Hound,
Unchristned hounds I rede you flee, or I your hearts blood will see.
The Knights hied them fast away, and unto Josian they did say,
Lady, Bevis called thee hound, thrice within a little stound,
We would not oft go to him, for all the City he looked so grim:
Yes, said Josian, come with me, and certain I shall your warrant be,
With the Maid fourth went they, to the chamber where Bevis lay:
Then Bevis looked as he lain, and Josian in her armes twain,
Took Bevis, and kissed him so sweet, his sorrow, she said, she did weet,
Sir Bevis, said she, grieve no more, though thou art hurt wondrous sore.
For there is not in Panims Land, better salve I understand,
Than I have brought this stound, for to heal thee with thy wound:
Bevis rose up et her bidding; and went forth unto the King,
On Bevis was there at that tide, twenty wounds long and wide;
King Ermine then the truth heard, how Bevis and the Saracins feard,
He had such ruth and pity, that the teares ran down plenty;
He said, fair Daughter Josian, heal Bevis wounds if you can,
I would not as I understand, lose his life for all my land:

Iosian did Bevis to chamber lead, to ſtop the wounds they ſhould not bleed,
With Salves & Drinks ſhe healed him ſoft, & ever among ſhe kiſſed him oft:
So within a little ſtound, Bevis was both whole and ſound.

How Bevis in a morning roſe and went to the Forreſt and ſlew the wild Bore.

A Wild Bore was there about, all men of him had great doubt,
And all the men that he took, with his teeth he all to ſhook,
The Boze was great and wondrous long, his head was great and he ſtrong;
Every man grieved both Knight and King, for to come in his meeting:
Lord ſaid Bevis upon a day, whether is it as men do ſay.
Certes my heart will ever beſoze, till I have foughten with the Boze,
Bevis roſe up early upon a day, and ſadled him his good Palfray,
He took a ſwoꝛd ſtiffe and ſtrong, a good ſhield and ſpear long;
And forth he pricked ouer the field, Iosian ſaw and all beheld.
When Bevis came unto the wood, his Shield he took that was ſo good:
His Hoꝛſe he tied to a thoꝛn, and began to blow his Hoꝛn:
And about the Foꝛreſt he fought, but the Boze found he nought,

Till

Till he came to the Devils Den, there found he the bones of many men,
That in the wood the Boze slew, the blood he drank, the flesh he gnew:
Rise, he said, thou foul beast, thou shalt not here long rest:
When the Boze of Bevis had an eye, he set his brittles all on hie,
And stared with his eyes all hollow, as he would fr Bevis swollow.
Of thee, said Bevis, I have marvail, well have I spent this travail:
A spear to him did Bevis bear, in many pieces he burst it there:
All to weak the spear was wrought, for in the Boze bost it nought;
His sword he drew to him there, but there might no dint him fear;
Bevis thought at each dint, that he had smitten upon a flint.
The Boze smote at Bevis so hard, that he was near faint coward.
Without rest hard fought they, till it was high noon of day:
Lord, said Bevis help and merry, I am so weary me think I die.
The Boze was feeble and faint also, and from Bevis gan he go:
Then said Bevis, yet will not Jesu, that I should lose my vertue.
Betide, said Bevis, what may betide, one of us shall death abide.
Bevis smote the Boze with pain; the Boze saw that, he turned again,
As he came gaping all to wonnder, his upper jaw he smote asunder;
In at the mouth the Boze he tare, and clove his heart asunder there,
And with his sword then in hast, the Bozes head he off cast;
And on a truncheon of his speare, the head he sticked thence to bear.
That saw the Fosters of that Forest, that Bevis had slain that foul beast;
They said, we have great disdain, that he hath the Boze slain,
Go we to him, we will him slay, and take from him the head away:
Then shall we have all the honour, right as we were conquerour,
As Bevis from the forrest did ride, they him beset on every side:
The twelve Fosters were arrived each one, and Bevis was naked alone:
When Bevis would hand on his sword lay, the scabbard he had, his sword was away:
For he had left the sword thore, where he slew the wild Boze,
Then had he nought to were, but the truncheon of his speare.
Two Fosters smote he down, with the stroke of his truncheon:
Nine Fosters he slew at dints three, and the other three away gan flee:
Bevis went with the head away: all saw Iosian where she lay;
Such love on him then she cast, that never failed, but ever did last.
The head of that wild swine, Bevis presented to King Ermine.
Then that time rose Bevis price, that was both courteous and wise.
Soon after not long during, came a messenger to Ermine King,
From King Bradmound of Damas, that swore by Mahound, and Golias,
That if King Ermine did not bliel, send Iosian to be his wife,
In many ways he would him noy, and all his land rob and destroy.
And said, on the first day of May, he would come and hold that day.
And take away his daughter then, and all his land destroy and burn.

King

King Ermine he was wood and wroth, and sent for Earls & Barons both,
And told them without fail, that King Bradmound had him battail.
A word spake Iosian bright, by Mahound, if Bevis were a Knight,
He would succour you right well; my self saw where he did fell,
Nine Forresters at dints thee, and other three away gan flee:
Yet had he nought to wear, but the truncheon of a spear.
Thereof, said the King, shall be no let, but Bevis shall to us be set:
Then he dubbed Bevis a Knight, and made him harness for to fight
Full well they gan for him purvey, with a great Host against that day.
Bevis, said the King, help at this need, for all my men thou shalt lead.
Arme thy right and take thy shield, for King Bradmound bids in field.
Bevis put on his good hatown, that had worthied many a town:
A Hauberk Iosian to him brought, a better Hauberk was never wrought,
A Helmet the rabe him gave and fair, there might nothing it impare:
Then to his fair made gave, Morglay a Sword both fine and brave.
There was no better under the Sun, many a Land therewith was won:
Iosian gave him also a Steed, the best that ever on ground yeed:
Full well I can his name tell, men call this Steed Arundel:
No Horse in the world was so strong, that might out-run him a furlong.
When Bevis in the saddle did light, Iosian smiled to see the Knight,
Bevis did his Horn blow, for that his Host might it know.
Bevis, but with him as I understand, of bold yeomen twenty thousand:
And yet King Bradmound their for, had full twice as many moe.
When Bevis came into the field, King Bradmound stood and all beheld:
A loud laughter made he then, when he saw there was no more men.
Either of the Hosts gan other defie, they shot arrows on either party:
With their bows and arrows, they flew fast on either parties:
And when they were thus fighting, there was earnest and no gaming.
King Bradmounds Banner bare Radison, he was as strong as any Lion,
Bevis at him had great envy, either of them did other defie: (would.
They smote their Steeds with spurs of Gold, Arundel ran right as Bevis
Both the parties stood and beheld, how either hit other a midst the shield:
Radisons Spear all to brast, Bevis Spear held and he sat fast:
Then through the shield and hacton, he bare the great stout Radison:
The Spear burst and he fell down, in his breast he left the truncheon.
Then King Bradmound was abashed, for in Radison he ever trusted:
For he thought he was so main, that no man might stand him again.
About sir Bevis they came readily, to revenge his death on the other party:
And Bevis ceast not but to ought it good, to bathe Morglay in their blood.
A little farther he rode tho, and slew twice as many moe.
The Saracins that with Bevis were, helped him with their power,
Men might see over all, heads tumbling like a ball.

Many

Many Saralins men might mæt, with guts trailing about their fæt,
Some all handleſs gan flee, and ſome all thankleſs above the knee,
And ſome their heads off he ſent, and ſome noſeleſs away went
And ſome fled with great wounds, that they lay grimming like hounds:
A many fleeds men might ſee then, with dead Saralins away ren,
And all the ſick and whole, had been at ſir Bevis dole.
Bradmound ſee his men miſ-fare, two of Bevis Knights he took there,
And led them forth and would have fled: Bevis ſaw they were beſted,
He ſaid, abide thou old wretch, art thou come Iofian to fetch?
Weld thy priſoners unto to me, I will deliver them from thee,
Such a ſtroke he gave Bradmound, that man and horſe fell to the ground:
Merry ſaid Bradmound, I thee pray, let me live and ranſome pay:
Both Cities, Caſtles, and Towers, I ſhall thee give with great honours.
Nay ſaid Bevis, I will none of thine, but become ſervant to King Ermine,
And do him homage and fealty, for other ranſome none ſhall be:
Well ſaid Bradmound, I had leber do ſo, than here to die in pain and woe,
Bevis charged him in his lay, that he would never by night or day,
Wait King Ermine any treaſon, but be ready at his ſummon,
And hold him of his Land as cheif, he be loth or he lief.
Bevis was King Armines Atturney, to receive homage that day:
When Bevis had done, he let him go; alas why did he not him ſloe?
For ſoon after as you may hear, he ſerved him in worſe manner.
The Knights he took from Bradmound, Bevis led forth in that ſtound.
For great love he would not blinne, but them he had unto his Inne,
And gave them of meat and drink the beſt, & on his bed did cauſe them reſt;
And when ſir Bevis had done ſo, unto the King he then yed go; (mage,
And ſaid, ſir King make good viſage, for K. Bradmound hath done thee ho-
And hold thee for chief in field and town, and will be ready at thy ſummon.
Then King Armine was glad and blithe, and thanked Bevis often ſithe,
And ſaid, fair daughter Iofian, I pray thee make much of this man:
Lead him to chamber, Mahound him ſave, that therein he reſt may have;
And ſerve him both of meat and drink, of the beſt that you can think;
Then fair Iofian was right glad, to her chamber ſhe him lad.
When Bevis was ſet ſoft on a bed, the boards were laid and tables ſpred:
When ſhe had unarmed Bevis, at a board ſet him I wis,
And made him well at eaſe and fine, with rich meat and pleaſant wine.
When they had well eaten, and on a bed together ſitten;
Iofian that was ſo true, thought ſhe ſhould her love renew:
She ſaid, Bevis, I vow certainly, above all things I do love thee:
And if that thou loveſt not me again, I ſhall be dead through woe and pain,
Then ſaid Bevis be thou ſtill, me thinks thou ſpeakeſt without skill:
Thou maiſt have unlich, King Bradmound that is ſo rich,

In this world is no man, neither King, Duke, or Soudan,
But they would have thee to their Queen, and if thee had thee once seen.
I am a Knight of a strange Land, and have no more than I in stand.
Mercy Bevis, said Iosian, I had rather have thee for my leman,
Thy body in thy shirt naked, than all the goods that Mahound maked.
Bevis she said, tell me thy thought; Bevis sate still, and said nought,
She fell down and wept sore, saying thou sayst before,
There is no King that I have seen, but would have me for his Queen:
And thou thinkest of me great spight, wend out of my chamber right:
More comely it were the like, for to hedge and make a dike,
Than thus to be dubbed a Knight, and to dwell among Ladies bright:
Go Churle, and evil mayst thou fare, Mahound give thee sorrow and care.
Damsel, he said, I am no Churle, my father was both Knight and Earl.
To my Countrey I will me hie, never after thou shalt me see:
Thou gavest me a horse, take him here, I will not keep him to be in danger.
Bevis went forth and would not blinne, till he came into his Inne.
As grieved he was as he were blamed, because Iosian him so shamed:
The two Knights that Bevis loved, asked him who had him grieved:
Bevis said neither good nor ill, but sate him down and held him still.
When Bevis went Iosian fro, then did begin all the woe,
Then she called the chamberlain Boniface, and his help asked in this case:
To Bevis on message she did him send, and said she would all things amend,
All that I bid thee, say truly, and pray him for to come to me.
Boniface, his way is gone, to Bevis chamber he is come,
And said, that Iosian did him send, who said she would all things amend.
And all should be after his will, so that he would come her till.
Bevis said, why should we so, she have me wand her chamberfo,
A robe gave Bevis to the messenger, with other gifts rich and clear,
Well trimmed with great coll; have this he said, for thy talle,
And greet well thy Lady from me, and say I will her nere more see.
Boniface thanked him then, and so to Iosian went agen:
He said, Lady make good cheer, for Bevis will no more come here.
Certes Madam you did unright, for to miscall so noble a Knight;
For it was never a Churles deed, to give a messenger such a weed.
If Bevis will not come to me, I will not blinne till I him see:
Befall me therefore wall or woe, unto his chamber I will goe.
Iosian would no longer blinne, till she came to Bevis Inne.
When Bevis heard her without, as he did sleep, begin to rout:
Bevis she said, a while awake, I am come peace to make:
Fair Damsel then said he, let me alone and go from me:
I am weary of fighting full sore, so will I for your love no more.
Mercy she said, my Leman sweet, she fell down and began to weep:

For

For vile we what I bade mis-said, if ye will be well apaid,
By faire Gode I will forsake, and Christendom to thee will take.
On that Covenant said Bevis then, I will thee lode sweet Iosian:
He killed her to accordment, and therefore was Bevis, shent. (mound.
The two Knights were there that stound, that Bevis took from King Brad-
They heard all their Covenant, and went to the King to an instant,
And said, Bevis this same day, hath wade Iosian for ake her lay,
And surely, he will lis her by, except ye seek some remedy;
And if he be not sent away, he will destroy all your lay:
It is true by all Hallows, deliver a thief from the Gallowes,
He shall thee wait to rob or slo: so it fared by these knights two:
Bevis delivered them from peril, and they requited him full ill.
Alas, then said Ermine the King, sore I am grieved at this tiding:
Sithen that Bevis came me till, much he hath done at my will:
I would not for all Armony, see any do Bevis villany;
But I would fain avenged be, so that the deed I might not see.
And then a Saracin to him said there may be in parchment made,
A letter unto King Bradmound, and will that he be brought to ground,
As he is true liegeman to you sworn, by Bevis shall the Letter be born:
And by Mahound I dare say, Bevis shall nede rgo quite away,
When this was brought unto the end, the King old after Bevis send,
And said, thou shalt go forth right, & be true messenger as thou art knight.
And bear King Bradmound this letter, & ever thou shalt be for it the better;
Some other sure else should bear it, but it shall turn thee to great profit:
Sir, let me have Arundel and good Morglay, I dare undertake the way:
We Bradmound never so wrath or wood, I shall make my party good.
Wherefore, said Ermine, thinkest thou so? thou shalt but on my message go:
Take therefore an easie hackney, that may bare thee away easily;
It becometh no messenger to lead, on message so ready a steed.
And Bevis, thou shalt to me swear, that thou shalt truly my letter bear,
And as thou art true man lief, not undo the point of my brief.
Nay, said Bevis, on Christen Rood, he took his letter and forth he rode,
Upon an ambling hackney, leaving at home Arundel and Morglay.
Iesu him con speed and rede, with him he beareth his own deed.

Leave we now of Bevis here, and speak we of his Cosine Sabere:
After that Bevis from him was sold, his heart for him waxed cold:
He called to him his son Terry, and bid him wend for to espie.
In Saracins Land farre and near, if aught to me might ought of Bevis hear:
Palmers weed thou shalt wear, so maist thou better of him hear;
He gave him treasure for to spend; when that is gone God will more lend.
Forth then gan child Terry fare, to Saracins Land tell he came there.

In many a town he had sought, yet of Bevis heard he nought,
Till it befell upon a day, as afterwards I shall you say.

How Bevis went on message to King Bradmound, and how he fought in the City of Damas, against the Sarasins that made sacrifice to Idols, and how he tare them down and cast them into the dirt; and afterward was taken and put into prison.

TUrn again where we were before, of Bevis of Hampton to speak more.
Bevis rode forth and passed apace, towards the City of Damace:
He rode dayes and nights both, and rested not without oath;
He rode as fast as he might ride, two or three morrows tide:
Then list he both to drink and eat, as a weary man doth after heat.
To sleep he had last, the story tels, that might he get but nothing else.
Bevis laid him down to sleep a stound, and let his Horse bait on the ground:
When he awoke out of his sleep, no longer he abode, but up did leap:
He came to a forrest fair and broad, and thither wards as he rode,
He saw a Palmer sit him neer, with bread and wine at his dinner:
Baken Curlews he had three, although he seemed poor to be.
The Palmer saw Bevis was a Knight, he dailed his bonnet as was right,
And said, courteous sir Knight, pleaseth you here down to light;
Much liking I have to thee, therefore sir Knight may eat with me;
Thou waist with me full even, to a man that I can name.
Bevis said unto him again, hunger hath done me much pain.
Bevis eat and drank plenty, while he would sit and thereat be:
Then to speak Bevis began, Palmer, he said, art thou a Christian?
Where wert thou born tell to me, and what thou dost in this country;
Then said the Palmer, ye shall understand, that I was born in England,
At Southamton upon the Sea, and came into this country,
To seek after a youthful wight, forsooth Bevis he was hight:
I shall him seek till I him find though I him seek unto the worlds end,
To bring him into England, to help my father with his hand,
Against his step-father fore to fight, to win his heritage and right,
What hight thy father good Palmer? Sir men call him sir Saberis;
Sir, he hath been in strife, sith sir Guy of Hampton life:
I left him in an Ile full good, that is inclosed with salt flood,
And every year a day certain, he fighteth with sir Murdure of Almain,
For to win his heritage, I have for him undertook this voyage:
Tell me therefore if you can, with me right unto that man.
Then said Bevis with mild chear, Bevis have I known this ten year;
It is not three dayes at all, sithen we were both in one hall:
There is no man by Gods ore, in Christendom that I love more.

Wit

Wee were fellowes lately, he told him his father hight sir Guy.
Sir, said the Palmer, that is he, for Gods love let me him see:
Nay, said Bevis, it may not be so, but on message must I go:
But go thou to England again, and help thy father with might and main,
For when I have my message done, I shall speak with Bevis full soon;
And tell him what I understand, and make him hie unto England:
Perchance, with Bevis who is my friend, I also will to England wend.
Sir, said the Palmer, in his language, to whom doe you ride on message:

To King Bradmound, said Bevis, I wend, he is my foe and not my friend:
Sir, said the Palmer, if it thy will be, I pray thee let me the letter see.
Nay, said Bevis, not for woe, to night I thame to my self do:
It shall never unsealed be, till King Bradmound doth it see.
They took their leaves and gan go, either thanked other of them two.
The Palmer went to England ward, and Bevis did ride on forward,
Toward the City of Damace, the which was a full pleasant place,
There was King Bradmounds Palace, was never a richer the story sayes,
For both the windowes and the wall, were painted with gold, tower & hall,

Pillars & doores were all of brass. windowes of stone were set with glass:
It was so rich in many wise, that it was like a Paradise.
About the place there was a dike, for breath and depth few the like:
Over the dike a bridge there lay, that man and beast might pass that way;
Under the Bridge were sixty Bells. full somang as the Story tells,
That there might no man pass in, but all they rung with a din.
At the Bridge end there was a Tower, painted with Gold and colour;
Rich it was for to behold, thereon stood an Eagle of Gold;
His eyes were of precious stones, of great vertue for the nones,
The stones were so rich and bright, that all the place shone with light.
When Bevis was nere the City, of this place marvelled he;
For sithen Bevis born was, saw he never such a place.
When Bevis came the City within, great mirth and noyse he saw begin,
The Saracins then did sacrifice, to their Mahumet in their wise,
And Bevis came nere to see, and said, what the Devil of Hell do ye?
Why make you Mahound this present, and forsake God omnipotent?
I shall try before I go, what Mahound can say or do.
Bevis leapt unto Mahound, and took him right by the Crown,
And cast him amid the mire, and bade them take up their fire:
The Saracins that by Bevis stood, for ire and rèn they wared wood:
They swore all he should nèer abie, the dispiting of their Mammetry.
There was no more to say, but all at once on him them lay.
Bevis saw that, his sword he drew, and all that would abide, he slew.
Then rose the cry in the City, and Saracins gathered great plenty;
Anont sir Bevis they gathered, because Mahound he despited:
Bevis then did make a store, at each stroke he fellen four.
With the Saracins he fought so fast, that two hundred to ground he cast:
Within a while men might meet, heads tumbling in the street.
To the Palace they gan hasting, for to have succour of the King;
And said, Sir, we are annoyed, for many men are nere destroyed.
Through a Knight that hither is come: all our Gods he hath pulo down,
And trodden them under his feet, in the mire amids the street,
And all thy men he hath slain, that ever did fight him again:
Sir King, if we have not help of thee, he will destroy all the City.
King Bradmound said, by my God, be he Devil, or be he wood,
What he is, I will go see; arm you soon, and come with me.
Forth they went all the rout, from the Kings Palace without doubt.
Right on the Bridge the Story sayes, they met him going to the Palace.
When Bevis saw the King with Crown, upon his knees he knelt down,
And gave him up the sword with his hand, and said, Jesus that I understand.
Shapen all the world to round, give thee sorrow King Bradmound:
But Mahound, and Apoline, and Termagant, which be Gods thine,

Let

Let them give now their blessing, and short life and evil ending.
Well thee greeteth King Ermine, and sendeth thee a letter in Parchmine,
And bideth thee his bidding do, as thou art sworn him unto.
The King of Bevis received the Deed, and gave it to a Clark to read:
The Letter bade he should him sloe, and that he should not go him fro,
For certain if he passe away, he will destroy all our Lay.
When King Bradmound heard of this, he made therefore great joy & bliss,
He said, Bevis, welcome to Court with shame, we will teach thee a new game,
Thou art he that made me thrall, not onely me, but my men all.
Thou sleweth & brought my men to ground, erly: within a little stound:
And hast in despight of Mahound, slain my men in this stound:
But blessed ever may Mahound be, that sent thee hither unto me,
For I will be avenged soon, for all the sorrow thou hast me done:
But blame not Bevis torament, but blame him that thee hither sent,
Some said, he shall be slain, and some, he should be quick slain:
Some said, draw him through the City, some said, hang him on a Tree.
Bevis he stood still and heard, of all their treason how it far'd,
And said, sir King it is no reed, to judge me a Dogs deed,
A Knight I am as well as you, therefore take you counsail now,
And grant me armour and steed, sword and spear good at need,
Sure helm and stallworth shield, and bring me fair into the field.
And arme your men lesse and more, sixty thousand if they were,
And let me die in battail right, as in the manner of a Knight.
Then the Saracins cryed all, and to the King, gan they call,
They said, he will your men fold, if you grant him battail bold.
Grant him prison through your read, let him be there tell he be dead;
For in your prison be Dragons two, and other Worms many moe,
And were he unto prison brought, unto none liveth he nought.
Bring him thither they all said then, and not in field among your men.
Then spake King Bradmound, bring him down unto the ground,
For he shall die with much sorrow, all Christendom shall not him borrow.
About Bevis they gan drive, as Bees do about a Hive.
When Bevis saw none other rest, then he began to do his best,
With his sword he stood at defence, against them all in his presence.
Sir Bevis fought that it was wonder, till his sword burst in sunder:
Alas, said Bevis, and well away, now I want good Morglay;
But nevertheless, good sir Bevis, brought to ground with his fists,
Sixty Saracins to ground soon, after that his sword was done:
But ever they gathered moe and moe, and took Bevis with much woe:
And bound together his hands fast, that all his fingers on blood out brast
They led him straight into the Hall, and set him down in a Knights stall.
A Knight him fed with meat & drink, whatsoever he would after think.

The

The King have Bevis eat fast, for this, he said, shall be thy last.
A hundred Saracins stood then, about Bevis with swords drawn,
In chance if his hands out brast, lest he should make them all agast.
When Bevis had eaten and made glad, into prison they him lad:
When he was at the ground, Bevis hands they unbound;
For they were sure and fast, that he should not make them agast.
In prison when he came down, there he found a short truncheon;
In his hand the same he took, and saved his life, so saith the Book.
A water through the prison ran, that carried the filth from the man.
He had not been there a while, not the mountenance of a mile,
But two Dragons of much might, against Sir Bevis came to fight,
Fast fought both he and they, all the night and all the day;
The two Dragons never field, till they had Bevis weary made;
But by the other day at noon, these two Dragons were forgone.
His sarke was broken all away, but little in his hand did stay.
When these Dragons were dead, then could Bevis no better read.
But thanked Jesu that all shall win, of the care that he was in.
Seven winters he was there, meat he had some evermore:
But once a day without lesse, of Wheat bran he fed but a messe,
For to length with all his life, in poverty, and in great strife:
Bread of Wheat eat he no more, but of water he had store.
Rats and Mice, and such like chear, was his meat that seven year.
Thus is Bevis in prison ground. God bring him out whole and sound.

How Iosian demanded of her father for Bevis, and of the sorrow she made.

SPeak we now of Iosian that Maid unto her father how she said.
Sir Bevis, she said, where is he? full long me thinketh till I him see.
Daughter, said he, I understand, that he is gone into England,
And liveth on his heritage, he hath a wife of great Parentage,
A Kings Daughter wedded hath he, a Merchant I was told it me.
When was Iosian full woe, and to her chamber gan she goe,
And wept sore for Sir Bevis, and thought some treason here is.
There is no man can tell the sorrow, she made both even and morrow.

How King Iour married fair Iosian.

OF Mambrant the King, called Iour, a rich King of great treasure,
Is come fair Iosian to wed, and of her father he him sped,
That granted her to be his wife, and his land after his life;
When Iosian heard she should be a Queen, against her will it was I ween:
She had rather without lesse, to have been Sir Bevis Countesse.

Never

Nevertheles sith it is so, against her father she durst not do.
Ever she said, sir Bevis, the kind Knight of South-hampton is,
He would never me forsake, but some treason did it make:
I shall never untrue be, as thou art Bevis unto me.
I shall go now and make a writ, through some Clark wise of wit,
That no man shall have grace, while those Letters are in place,
Against my will to lie me by, nor do me shame nor villany.
She caused the Letters to be wrought, on the manner as she thought,

And put it about her neck, so that no man should her check.
When it was to the time sped, that King Iour should her wed,
He sent for many Noblemen, for the Soudan of Baby on then;
And for the Soudan of Persie, it is no time their names to descry,
And prayd them both with him to be, when he should wed that Lady free.
When this feast should begin, every knight came from his Inne.
When the feasting was all done, King Iour would needs be gone.
With Iosian that Lady bright, that ever was true both day and night,
Iosian that was brought to him there, with much thought and great care.

King Ermine took Arundell alſo, and failed him with them to go,
And took with him good Morglay, and to the King Iour gan he ſay,
Have here I give thee this ſteed, very ſtrong and good at need,
Have here Morglay of ſteel brown, both they were Bevis of Hamptown.
King Iour thanked him then, and pricked forth before his men.
They were not fully at Mainbrant, but the King ſaid by Termagant,
That he would into the City ride, on Arundell before his Bride.
On Arundell when he was wrought. Arundell had in his thought,
That it was not Sir Bevis, that on this back did ſit I wis:
He leaped over ditch and thorn, over hegar and over corn,
He would never ſtin running, till he had caſt down the King;
So ſore to ground he him caſt, that his back-bone all to braſt,
And had not ſmin-coms ſuccour, he had then ſlain King Iour.
They took the horſe without fight, and led him to the Palace right;
With great ropes they him bound, there was no meat before him found,
Neither oaten nor water clear, there he ſtood full ſeven year:
But that Iosian him brought, and that lift the King nought:
For his men could not him read, without ſtarving to have him dead.

Iosian is now Queen, Bevis in priſon is much with teen:
Bevis therein was forlorn, he curſed the time he was born;
His hair hanged long and ſlie, ſmall and ſimple was his pride:
On a day Bevis would ſleep, an Adder great on him did creep,
And ſtinged him ſore without lye, upon his brow above his eye.
Bevis awaked, and loud gan cry, and ſaid, Jeſu my Lord mercy.
This Adder hath bitten me ſore, out of my life I would I wore.
Help Lord, and if it be thy will, and let me never in priſon ſpill.
With that a light come in, and appeared unto Bevis:
This light he ſaw by this light, by which the worm loſt her ſight,
And before him all to braſt: Bevis ſaw that, and rejoyced faſt.
Sir Bevis was feeble and faint, to Jeſu Chriſt he made his complaint,
And unto his Mother Mary, ruefully began to cry:
Lord, he ſaid, of Heaven King, that ſhaped me and every thing;
What offence have I done to thee, that hence thou will not help me:
The Saraſins do me much woe, have mercy on me, Lord, now,
And give me grace heaven to win, and get out of this priſon I am in.
The two keepers heard his complaint, how feeble he was and how faint.
The one ſaid, beareſt thou this fellown, how ſtill he ſpiteth Mahound,
He weeneth that his God can him ſave, and ſuccour he thinked to have;
But by Mahound it ſhall not gain, I ſhall not reſt till he be ſlain:
And ſuddainly at that word, he let a lump down be a cord,
And ſaid, come down when I call, to help whatſoever me befall:

Then

Then a sword he took by his side, and by the rope down did glide;
And smote Bevis in that round, that he felled him to the ground:
Lord, said Bevis, why dost thou so? now is my heart in very great woe,
Had I my sword good Morglay, and Arundel my good Fallray,
For all Damace with their treason, would I not care a button:
And now the most wretch of all, without stroak doth make me fall:
Now I wish I were hanged, if I be not well revenged.
Bevis with his fist smote so fast, that his neck he soon brast.
The other cryed that was above, and said, Fellow, to him in love,
Fast thou of me any need, that I may come to thee to speed
Yes, said Bevis, all for guile, come hither a little while.
For I must need have thy red, or that Bevis will be dead.
The other keeper no longer abode, but down the rope he rode,
And saw Bevis whole and sound, and his fellow on the ground:
He would have fled up in that tide, but Bevis said thou must abide,
Bevis with his fellows brand, smote asunder through Gods hand.
The rope above the Saracins head, that to prison to his fellow he yed,
Then was Bevis glad and fain, that the keepers he had slain.
A day he lay and nought did eat, he thought that life nothing sweet:
Yet was Bevis wont each day, while that he in prison lay,
Of wheat bran to have a mess, therewith his hunger to redress:
But when his keeper were forgone, bread nor bran he had none:
That pennance was full strong, he thought he lived all too long:
Jesu Christ, sir Bevis said, help me now with a little bread,
The rope I may not reach, but if thou me thew or teach.
Too high he smote the rope asunder, if he it reach it were a wonder;
But by Gods might, Bevis skipped, he was full light,
And gat the rope in his hand, and came up I answer it and.
When he came up, he saw no light, for it was about midnight.
But well he hard in the Stable, Grooms sing and make bable.
Unto the Stable door he went, and smote it open at a dint:
A doze Bar he took in his hand, and slew all that there he fand;
A good Steed forth he brought, and tabled him well enought.
Bevis rode to the gate full even, and slew also the Porter with his staff,
Rise Porter, quoth he full Bevis of Hampton hath us betrayed.
Soon after the gates were open, and wist not Bevis out he kept,
The Porter straight his way fell, unto the prison for to tell.
He found the keepers all in pain, but Bevis escaped was:
The Porter said, by my fawe, from home was Bevis that I let out.
The Porter went to the king and said, how that Bevis was from them fled.
And had slain his keepers three, the king therefore was wondrous wroth.
There were five kings in the Pallace, that with him gotten the troy slayes:

To them Bradmound made his mourn; then they armed them each one:
A Knight there was proud and fierce, men called him Sir Granders,
A horse he had of much price, the which was called Truncheface,
He was worth his weight in Gold, he would run swift upon the wold:
Sir Granders was the first night, on Truncefice up he light,
And rode after Sir Bevis, well he thought to win the price;
When he was past Damace, he saw Bevis rise a pace;
He said, turn thee Dogswhelp, thy God shall thee nothing help,
Through thee I shall get renown, if thou be Bevis of South-hampton.
Then Bevis did unto him say, it is no mastry me to slay,
For if that here I slain be, it is through hunger and not through thee:
But nevertheless we will assay, how well thou wilt thy rent pay:
Bevis turned him full well and fair, they rode together with great air:
Such a stroke he gave Grandere, that through Helm and Hawbert clear,
Heart and Body he clove asunder, there he lay in Armour, that was wonder:
Right to the Saddle, by head mine, he clove him down like a swine.
Bevis Truncheface soon he strode, he left his own and forth he rode.
King Bradmound with all his host, came riding with great boast,
And so fast followed they, that Bevis was driven to the Sea:
He said, if I fight with so many again, for hunger & feebleness I shall be slain;
Yet will I to the water fly I wis, and let God work what his will is,
Than to be slain among them all: help me Lord, for now I call.
Bevis made his Horse to skip, forthwot into the Sea he leapt:
The Saracens saw that after came, how the Horse with him swam:
By the help of the Lord of might, the Horse bare over that noble Knight:
When he was the water past, the Horse him rest, and shook him fast,
And for feebleness in that stound, Sir Bevis fell upon the ground:
Lord, said he, how hungry am I: if I were King of Armony,
I would give it without read, for one piece of barley Bread.

FAst rode Bevis with great air, till he came to a Castle fair,
A Lady over the wall lay: Dame, said Bevis, I thee pray,
For his love that died on the Tree, one meals meat give to me.
The Lady answered tho, from my Gate I read thee go,
Another place is better than here, for here thou gettest a cold Dinner,
For my Lord is a Gyant, and believeth in Mahound and Termagant,
And if he knew thou be a Christian, he will slay thee with much pain.
Alas, said Bevis, and woe is me, whether he be less or loath,
Here will I eat some meat, to die therefore but I it get.
The Lady was abashed withal, and went down into the Hall,
And told her Lord that was so stout, how a man had swam without,
That he would eat there his fill, in despight of his good will.

Then,

Yea, said the Gyant, will ye so? a dore bare he took in his hand tho,
And out unto Bevis he yate, and thus unto him he said:
What art thou fellow? art thou wise? where toledst thou Truncheſice,
That thou ſtrekſt upon there? he was my brothers Sir Grandere,
God knoweth then, said Bevis, I shore his Granderes Crown I wis,
With in he met lack in battail, I was his Priest without en fail,
And if thou do with me fight, I may slay thee in my right.
Alas, said the Gyant, for Sir Grandere, his death thou shalt abide full dear:
At sir Bevis he smote full sore, but of him he failed thore,
And hit Truncheſice in that stound, that he fell down to the ground.

Bevis kept off without respite, and at the Gyant gante smite,
Such stroke was not struck with hand, since lived Olives and Rowland.
The Gyant saw that Bevis was strong he drew out a Dart sharp and long.
Through Bevis shoulder he did it shoot, the blood ran down to his foot:
With sir Bevis saw the blood, for tre and teen he waxed wood,
He sate the Gyant then full till, with all his might and all his will,
And by a stroke him slent, that Helm and head from body went.

Brest and body he clove down, with one stroke of his trunchedown,
Now said Bevis, by Mon and Sun, I trow my meat I have well won.
Damn said Bevis, stay no more, but give me meat, I hunger sore,
And thus much take thou of me, of meat and drink no niggard be.
The Lady durst not him withstand she led Bevis in by the hand,
And served him of Bread and Wine, and afterward of meat fine,
And of each Mels I wis, she brought unto sir Bevis,
He made her to eat first truly, lest she should do some villany,
And drink first of the Wine, lest she should put poyson therein.
When Bevis had eaten enough, a white Kerchief he forth drough,
And stop therewith the wound, to stay the bleeding in that stound.
Then Bevis into the Stable yed, and sadled him a good Stéd:
There would he no longer abide, he took his Horse and forth did ride:
Then sir Bevis on his way rode, till he came forthall abroad,
Unto a fair grēen place: Lord, said Bevis, blessed be thy grace,
And now I would that Bradmound King, were here with me with all his sporing,
On this grēen, men should see, whether I would from him flee.
Forth rode Bevis by the stréem, till he came to Hierusalem;
And to the Patriarch he went full swift, and of his sins he him shrift:
Of Iosian to him he told the strife, that by right should have been his wife.
The Patriarch for his great truth, wept for him, and thought great ruth.
He kept with him sir Bevis, till he was sound and whole I wis;
And forbade him on his life, that he would never take any to wife.
But were she a Maden clean: yea, said Bevis, so I mean.
When it came into the night, Bevis took his leave like a gentle knight.
On the morrow when it was day, Bevis rode forth on his way.
As he rate himself alone, he bethought whither to gone,
Whether shall I to England fair: nay, what should I do there,
Unless I might an host gather, for to slay my step-father:
I will, he said, to Armony, to know the cause wherefore and why,
That the King did this treason, for my service against all reason.
As Bevis rode forth on right, he overtook another knight,
That would go forth to Armony, and Bevis bare him company.
As they rode at the last, either beheld the other fast,
And either then the other knew; for sometimes they were fellows true,
Together they kissed after that, he asked Bevis of his state.
God knoweth said Bevis and Iouth, I have had sorrow enough,
And suffered both hunger and cold, and other pains manifold.
Through the treason of King Ermine, and sure I would requite his pain
Were not his daughter Iosian, this day I would be his bane.
Iosian, he said, is a wife, against her will with much strife,
Seven yéer it is by Termagant, sithen King Yons of Hamtoun

Iosian

Iosian in Mambrant did wed, both to board and eke to bed.
Ye hath the sword good Morglay, and Arundell that good palfray.
Where is Mambrant said Bevis thore, sir, he said, it is ponder before;
To Mambrant ye cannot reach to day, but stay you must by the way:
Next day he rode forth certain till he came to Mambrant Plain.

MAmbrant is a rich City, fair and lovely for to see:
When sir Bevis of Southampton came within this rich Town,
With a Palmer there he met, full fair either other greet;
Palmer, he said, where is the King? sir, he said, forth on hunting,
With many Knight stout and keen: Palmer, he said, where is the Queen:
Sir, he said, in her Tower: Palmer, he said, do me some favour,
Give thou me thy weed, for my clothing and for my steed.
Would God, said the Palmer, that I had made that change Sir.
Bevis gave to him his steed, so that he might have his weed.
Bevis went to the Castle gate, many Palmers he found there at.
Bevis said, Brethren dear, for what thing abide you here?
They answered him that there stood, we stand here for some good,
Bevis said, who shall it do? the Queen, they said, we hope so,
Good cheer she doth here make, once a day for Gods sake,
For all that she hath found here, every day this seven year:
This almes giveth she by my crown, for Bevis love of South-hamptown.
Then said Bevis, for Christs love, tell me now ye Palmers poor,
When this almes shall be done: Sir, they said, at afternoon,
Bevis said, it is early day, he went from them anon away,
He thought he would go spie and see, how that it might best be:
As he came under a Tourret, that neer unto the Castle was set.
He heard Iosian weep and cry, and thus lamented full heavily:
Alas, sir, said good Bevis, the gentle Knight of South-hamtown is;
Alas, I shall never see that day, that with him once speak I may.
Lord Jesu Christ I that take till, help me when it is thy will.
Every day for seven year Iosian that Lady fair,
Was wont much sorrow to make, for Bevis of Hamptons sake.
Anon the Kart to the Gate thore, for to bring in the Palmers poor,
Bevis died fast to the Gate, lest he should have come too late,
The Palmers pressed in fast, Bevis abode and was last,
To the Hall the led them every one, and unto Bevis said Iosian anone,
Thou art welcome unto me, for I desire to talk with thee,
Begin thou the Word Palmer, and merrily go to thy dinner.
When ye Palmers were all set, Meat and Drink she unto them set:
Then she gan to Bevis say, tell me Palmer without delay,
Hast thou heard any man tell, in any Land where it befell,

Or in Field, or in Town, of one Bevis of South-hamptown?
I shall make them rich without leesing, that of him can tell any tyding:
Yes Dame, said Bevis, and lough, Sir Bevis I know well enough;
At home in his Countrie, I am an Earl, and so is he,
And he loveth me as his Brother, and so we did ever each other;
At home he gan me much to tell, of an horse that hight Arundell.
I have asked in many a Land, for that horse, I understand,
And sought both far and nèr, and each man saith he is here;
As you love that same Knight, of that Horse let me have a sight.
The Quèn then without Fable, led Bevis into the Stable,
The Quèn gan Bevis behold, and unto Boniface she told;
I trow, said she, by my Crown, this is Bevis of South-hamptown.
But Bevis beard was never thorn, since of his mother he was born.
When Bevis into the Stable came, anon to Arundell he ran,
And said Arundell, God thée save, without the Town I would thée have,
With thee I nere came to Mambrant, but with me thou shouldst to England:
Arundell in sunder burst Thansleben, when he heard Sir Bevis steben,
And forth he ran out of his place, and neighed and made great race,
Alas, said Iosian, tho, for Arundell I am full woe,
For he will be many a mans bane, ore that he again be tane.
Nay said Bevis, and lough, I can take him well enough,
If that you will give me leave, I shall take him I perceive:
To take the Horse he him praid, and lead him up the Lady said,
That there be no more distance, for that I shall thee advance,
I grant, said Bevis, by Gods dome; when Arundell saw his Maker come,
He would neither start nor leap, till Bevis on his back did skip.
Bevis on Arundels back him threw, and thereby Iosian him knew,
She said, Bevis love dear, ride not from me in no manner,
Thou promisedst me to Wife to take, when I my false gods did forsake:
Help Bevis at this nèd, for thou now hast Arundell thy Stèd,
I shall fetch thy sword Morglay, and then lead me with the away.
Then said Bevis, thou mightest me blame, it may turn unto my shame,
I lay for thee in prison strong, seven Winters that were long,
And the Patriarch on my life, charged me never to take a Wife,
But she were a Maiden clean, and seven year thou hast bèn a Quèn,
And every night Knight by thee, how shouldst thou a Maiden be?
Mercy Bevis, then said she, have me home to your Country,
If you find me not a true Woman, in all that you say can,
Send me hither to my sae, my self all naked, and no moe.
I grant, said Bevis, that you go, on the covenant that it be so,
Hie you fast, and make you prest, and if with me go you list,
Boniface stood still beside, and said Sir, it were best to abide.

Sir

Sir Bevis, he said, it is great peril, you shall be taught a better skill;
The King is gone on his playing, and soon he will come from hunting:
And if he find we be away, he will persue us night and day,
With all his great Chivelry, of courage stout and bary,
Ye shall be dra wn thorow the Town, and hanged like a false fellown:
Sir Bevis I do ye read, Arundel to stable you lead.
And at the gate you shall abide, for when the King doth in ride,
He will ask you what tidings, where you have been, and in what Lands;
Ye shall tell him readily, that ye came out of Surrey,
And that the Land was greatly noyed, towns brent, and men dell troyed.
And that King Bradwin is, in point to lo'e his Land I wis,
Through Syrack and his men, of Antioch that rich City then,
Look you tell none other, for King Bradwin is his brother,
And when he heareth this thing, he will got hither with great hasting.
With all his power, and all his host, then may we go with little boast.
Now, said Bevis, I hold me apaid; he led up the horse as he said.
Soon after came the King from hunting, and of Bevis asked tiding,
And all him told Bevis thore, as Boniface told him before.
I have great wonder, said King Iour, that he sendeth not for succour.
The messengers were taken, said Bevis truly, and intreate full evilly,
That came from King Bradwine, for to bring the tiding:
King Syrack hath them in hold, I trow Bradwines heart is cold.
Now said King Iour, I will hie me to that Tour,
With all my power to help my Brother, in his right against the other.
King Iour gathered a great company, forth he went into Surrey;
But his Steward Sir Grassey, he left at home full strictly,
Then come together in that case, Bevis, Iohan, and Boniface:
Now is it time, said Bevis, to go, nay, said Boniface, ye shall not do so;
The Kings Steward, Sir Grassey, is made keper of my Lady:
I know and heard, said he I wis, that of such a bertne is,
All those that thereof drink, it shall make their eyes to wink,
And make them sleep through its might, all a day, and all a night:
Had Grassey drunk this heard with Wine, then might we go very fine.
When Boniface had done this thing, he rose up with out leasing.
On the morrow without wis, Iohan, Boniface, and Bevis,
They them purbeyed as they would, both of Silver and of Gold,
They hied them forth on their way: Sir Grassey awoke on the next day:
When he wist the Queen was with the Palmer gone, he made great mone;
He made his men them to dight, and gathered great power to fight,
And he rode forth all by dam, after the Palmer and the Queen,
All Mambrant after them drough, ywapened and armed well enough.
On yerr five with a great rout, they beset Bevis round about.

Or in Field, or in Town, of one Bevis of South-hamptown?
I shall make them rich without leesing, that of him can tell any tyding:
Yes Dame, said Bevis, and lough, Sir Bevis I know well enough;
At home in his Countrie, I am an Earl, and so is he,
And he loveth me as his Brother, and so we did ever each other;
At home he gan me much to tell, of an horse that hight Arundell.
I have asked in many a Land, for that horse, I understand,
And sought both far and neer, and each man saith he is here;
As you love that same Knight, of that Horse let me have a sight.
The Queen then without Fable, led Bevis into the Stable,
The Queen gan Bevis behold, and unto Boniface she told;
I trow, said she, by my Crown, this is Bevis of South-hamptown.
But Bevis beard was never shorn, since of his mother he was born.
When Bevis into the Stable came, anon to Arundell he ran,
And said Arundell; God thee save, without the Town I would thee have,
With thee I nere came to Mambrant, but with me thou shouldst to England:
Arundell in sunder burst Chansleven, when he heard Sir Bevis steven,
And forth he ran out of his place, and neighed and made great race,
Alas, said Iosian, tho, for Arundell I am full woe,
For he will be many a mans bane, ore that he again be tane.
Nay said Bevis, and lough, I can take him well enough,
If that you will give me leave, I shall take him I perceive:
To take the Horse she him praid, and lead him up the Lay said,
That there be no more distance, for that I shall thee advance,
I grant, said Bevis, by Gods dome; when Arundell saw his Maker come,
He would neither start nor leap, till Bevis on his back did skip.
Bevis on Arundels back him threw, and thereby Iosian him knew,
She said, Bevis love dear, ride not from me in no manner,
Thou promisedst me to Wife to take, when I my false gods did forsake:
Help Bevis at this need, for thou now hast Arundell thy Steed,
I shall fetch thy sword Morglay, and then lead me with the away.
Then said Bevis, thou mightest me blame, it may turn unto my shame,
I lay for thee in prison strong, seven Winters that were long,
And the Patriarch on my life, charged me never to take a Wife,
But she were a Maiden clean, and seven year thou hast been a Queen,
And every night Knight by thee, how shouldst thou a Maiden be?
Mercy Bevis, then said she, have me home to your Country,
If you find me not a true Woman, in all that you say can,
Send me hither to my foe, my self all naked, and no moe.
I grant, said Bevis, that you go, on the covenant that it be so,
Hie you fast, and make you prest, and if with me go you list,
Boniface stood still beside, and said Sir, it were best to abide.

Sir

Sir Bevis, he said, it is great peril, you shall be taught a better skill;
The King is gone on his playing, and soon he will come from hunting:
And if he find we be away, he will persue us night and day,
With all his great Chivelry, of courage stout and hardy,
Ye shall be drawn thorow the Town, and hanged like a false fellown:
Sir Bevis I do ye read, Arundel to stable you lead.
And at the gate you shall abide, for when the King doth in ride,
He will ask you what tidings, where you have been, and in what Lands,
Ye shall tell him readily, that ye came out of Surrey,
And that the Land was greatly noyed, towns brent, and men destroyed,
And that King Bradwin is, in point to lose his Land I wis,
Through Syrack and his men of Antioch that rich City then,
Look you tell none other, for King Bradwin is his brother.
And when he heareth this thing, he will got hither with great hasting.
With all his power, and all his host, then may we go with little boast.
Now, said Bevis, I hold me apaid; he led up the horse as he said.
Soon after came the King from hunting, and of Bevis asked tiding,
And all him told Bevis thore, as Boniface told him before.
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The messengers were taken, said Bevis truly, and intreate full evilly,
That came from King Bradwine, for to bring the tiding:
King Syrack hath them in hold, I trow Bradwines heart is cold.
Nows said King Iour, I will hie me to that Iour,
With all my power to help my Brother, in his right against the other.
King Iour gathered a great company, forth he went into Surrey;
But his Steward Sir Grassey, he left at home full strictly,
Then come together in that case, Bevis, Iosian, and Boniface:
Now is it time, said Bevis, to go, nay, said Boniface, ye shall not do so;
The Kings Steward, Sir Grassey, is made keeper of my Lady:
I know and heard, said he I wis, that of such a vertue is,
All those that thereof drink, it shall make their eyes to twink,
And make them sleep through its might, all a day, and all a night:
Had Grassey drunk this heard with Wine, then might we go very fine.
When Boniface had done this thing, he rose up with out leasing.
On the morrow without wis, Iosian, Boniface, and Bevis,
They them purveyed as they would, both of Silver and of Gold,
They hied them forth on their way: Sir Grassey awoke on the next day:
When he wist the Queen was with the Palmer gone, he made great mone;
He made his men them to dight, and gathered great power to fight,
And he rode forth all by deem, after the Palmer and the Queen.
All Mambrant after them drough, weaponed and armed well enough.
On every side with a great rout, they beset Bevis round about.

Then said Bevis to Boniface, thou seest we be in a strange case,
Thou with her abide here still, while I go fight with him my fill,
They shall abide if that I may, for I have rested many a day,
Had you never so good gaming, as you shall see when we are lamming.
Nay, said Boniface unto him the, for troth it shall not be so,
I shall bring you less in doubt, the Land is best round about:
A little beside us here, is a Cave in a Rock near.
Were we once thereto brought, we need not care for them ought.
To the Cave they came at last, Grasley searched and over them past,
He went away where he came fro, with great care and much woe.
All night in that Cave they were, without Meat or Drink there:
Iosian hungred on the morrow sore, and to Sir Bevis she complained thore.
Bevis said to Boniface, Keep thou Iosian in this place,
For I will go upon this Hill, to see if I can aught kill,
That we may on coales calk, for Iosian may ill talk.
Forth went Bevis in that stound, with him he had a good Gray-hound.
Now when Bevis was gone them fro, into the Cave came Lions two,
Gaping and ramping with their feet, and both on Boniface they did leap:
His Sword unto them he did bring, and agrised him well enough,
And gave unto them battail right, but all to feeble was his might,
For anon they him slew, and his bones all to gnew.
When they had eaten up the Man, they went both to Iosian,
And laid their heads upon her arme, but they would do her no harm:
For if is the Lions kind I wis, a Kings daughter that a Maid is,
Harm ne teath none to do, therefore lay the Lions so.
When Bevis came from hunting, to the Cave at the beginning,
As he went into the ponce, he saw a man gnawn to the bones,
Into the Cave then went he, to see what chance there might be:
Iosian sate in much bought, and two Lions her about,
Ah Sir, said Iosian tho, come take revenge of these two,
For right now have they slain, Boniface my Chamberlain:
The one will I hold, whiles you make the other cold.
About the neck the took the one, and Bevis bade let him alone.
I say, Iosian, let him go free, for I see well a Maiden ye be:
What mastery is it them to slo, in hands when ye hold them so?
Let them come to me both, or in sooth I shall be wroth.
She let go the Lions without misse, and both they assailed Sir Bevis:
Strong and perillous was the fight, between the Lions and the knight,
They gave him wounds long and wide, they tore his armour on every side:
Bevis the great was fell and wroth, and at one stroke he slew them both:
For Boniface fell two wons he, but when he saw no bote would be,
He took up Iosian that tide, and on his way forth gan ride.

They

They had not ridden but a while, not the mountenance of a mile,
But they met with a Gyant, with a full furious semblant:
He was mighty and strong, he was full thirty foot long,
He was trifled like a Bow, a foot there was between each brow,
His lips were great, they hung alive, his eyes hollow minely wide.
He was loathsome for to look on, he was liker a Deuil than a Man,
His staffe was a young Oak, he could give a great stroke.
Bevis wondred at that sight, and asked him what he hight?
My name is Ascapart, Sir Grassey sent me hitherward,

For to bring you home again, and now am I glad and fain,
That I have you here found, for together you shall be bound,
So shall you be led to Mambraut, with a sorrowful semblant.
Yet, said Bevis, thou mayst fail, by me thou mayst ots in battail.
Of Arundel Bevis won his sight, and betook him to his Lady bright:
And Bevis with a bold heart, unto Morglay all alls Ascapart,
Betwixt them two was a great fight, Sir Bevis was nimble and light,
And smart his dints fell, when Ascapart at him did hew,

If his heart would hazſt, he could not one blow on Bevis fall.
For if he had ſmitten Sir Bevis once, he would have burſt all his bones:
Bevis skipped here and there, and gave him wounds wide and ſore,
Then Aſcapart was full wo, and ſmote at Sir Bevis tho.
He ſmote to hit Sir Bevis crown, his foot ſlipt and he fell down,
And ere that he riſe might, Bevis with his ſword was right,
To have ſmitten off his head, but Iosian did it forbid.
Sir, ſhe ſaid, you ſhall him ſave, and let him live to be our ſlave.

Dame, he ſaid, he will us betray, I will be his Priest: ſhe ſaid, nay,
Aſcapart did Bevis homage, and became Sir Bevis Page.
Then they went forth all three, till they came unto the Sea,
A Bark they found ready there, to Chriſtendome for to fare,
There were Saracins great plenty, and denied Bevis therein to ferry.
When Aſcapart heard of that, anon, to him he took his Bat,
He drove them out with much harm, and then Arundel under his arm.
With Bevis and Iosian to ſhip he bare, he drew up Sail and made good fare:
They ſailed forth ſoth to ſain, unto the heathen of Coleyn.

Bevis went into the Land, and soon a friend there he fand.
The Bishop of the Town surely, to Sir Bevis was kindman nie.
Bevis greet well the Bishop bold, and what he was he him told.
The Bishop was full well apaid, unto Sir Bevis welcome he said;
To see you here I am much fain, my mind gave me you were slain:
Wherice, he said, is thy Lady then? Sir, said Bevis of heatheness a Queen.
For her I have suffered much pain, and she would become a Christian fain.
He said, what is thy bad bilage? Sir, said Bevis he is my Page.
He must be Christened also, though he be black and blo.
The Bishop Christened Iosian, that was as white as any Swan:
For Alexpart was made a Font, and when he should therein be pont,
He leapt over the Bench, and said, out Charle, wilt thou me drench?
The Devil of hell thy bane may be, I am to big to be Christened of thee.
The folk had good game and lough, but the Bishop was wroth enough.

How Bevis slew a fierce and dreadful Dragon in the Land of Coleyn.

NOw is Bevis in Coleyn Land, through the help of Christs hand:
There gate he great renown, by the slaying of a Dragon:
For when Lancelot Du Lake, fought with a burning Drake,
Guy of Warwick, I understand, slew a Dragon in Coleyn Land;
But such a Dragon was never seen, as Sir Bevis slew in Coleyn.
Bevis went to bed at night, with much joy and Torch-light,
And after his first sleeping, he heard a cruel crying:
The voice said in his cry, Jesu my Lord have mercy.
I rot, he said, Bons by Bone, my death is coming me upon.
Bevis therefore had great sorrow, and asked him on the morrow,
And said, what ment the cry? They answered, and told him why;
They said it was a gentle Knight, that was strong and bold in fight,
As he rode through the Town, he met with a fell Dragon,
That with venome on him thrown, the Knight had all to blown:
Sir, I shall tell you all the case, how the Dragon came to this place.
In the Land of Calabone men tell, were two Dragons great and fell,
These two Dragons there did slay, for seven year both night and day,
All that came, both man and beast, on every side East and West.
There was one in that Land, that was full of Gods sand.
He made request to God above, that he would for his Mothers love,
Deliver out by his holy grace, these two Dragons from that place:
Then these two Dragons down fell, and had no power there to dwell.
Then they ficke into Tuskain, many men have they there slain;
From Tuskain into Lumbardy, there they did great villany.
The one Dragon by Gods boon, flew to the Court of Rome;

He there reſted his curſed bones, ſome ſay in a Cave of ſtones;
Men ſay he is there yet, incloſed by Clarks wit,
The other Dragon (we underſtand) flew hither into Coleyn Land.
Within a mile hence lyeth he, not far diſtant from the Sea:
All Coleyn Land round about, have of him great fear and doubt:
That Dragon was here this night, and hath deſtroyed the ſaid Knight.
Lord Chriſt, ſaid Bevis tho, may no one the Dragon ſlo?
Certain they ſaid without fable, all Chriſtendome is not for him able.
But if Michael come down, can no man ſlay that Dragon,

Sir Bevis called Aſcapart him to, and aſked him what they ſhould do,
Wilt thou, ſaid he, with me go, for to ſee the Dragon we two.
By chance if we with him fight, we may ſlay him by Gods might.
I am ready ſaid Aſcapart, truly: have done, anon let us thither hie.
Bevis armed him, and ſeith and rode, and Aſcapart went by his ſide:
When they were paſt the City, and were neer where he ſhould be,
The Dragon caſt up ſuch a yell, as would have (ſcared the Devil of hell,
Aſcapart ſaid with heavy chear, heareſt thou what I do hear?

Yes

Yes, ſaid Bevis, have no doubt, the Dragon ſure is here about:
Boldly ſhall we to him go, by Gods grace we ſhall him ſloe:
Bevis rode forth a good pace, whereas he trowed the Dragon was.
Surely, ſaid Aſcapart tho, I will homewards again go,
For I would not for all Pavy, ſee the Devil that made that cry. (feard:
What Devil, ſaid Bevis, art thou mad? I thought nothing could thee have
For ſhame, wilt thou afraid be, of any thing ere thou it ſee?
Sir, he ſaid with heavy chear, I will him neither ſee nor hear.
Well, ſaid Bevis, wilt thou not ſo? I will him ſlay ere I go:
Aſcapart further would naught. Bevis rode forth and there ſought,
The Dragon caſt up a loud cry, as it had thundred in the ſky:
He turned his belly towards the Sun, it was as big as any Tun,
His Scales were bright as the Glaſs, and hard they were as any Braſs:
Between his ſhoulders and his tail, was forty foot without fail;
He waltred out of his Den, and Bevis pricked his ſteed then,
And to him a ſpear he ſo thruſt, that all to ſhivers he it burſt.
The Dragon gan Bevis to aſſail, and ſmote Sir Bevis with his tail,
Then down went horſe and man, two ribs of Bevis were bruſted than.
Up ſtart Bevis with good will, and ran after the Dragon ſtill:
And good Morglay out braid, and on the Dragon faſt he laid:
But for no ſtroke that he did ſtrike, would his Morglay on him bite.
The Dragon was grieved ſore, and ſwote at Bevis more and more,
And gave him many a wound, and felled him oft to the ground.
What for weary, what for faint, Sir Bevis was near attaint, (ward,
The Dragon followed on Bevis ſo hard, that as he would have fled back-
There was a Well as I ween, and he ſtumbled right therein.
Then was Bevis afraid and woe, leaſt the Dragon ſhould him ſlo,
Or that he might away paſs, when he in the Well was.
Then was the Well of ſuch vertue, through the might of Chriſt Jeſu.
For ſometime dwelled in that Land, a Virgin full of Chriſts hand,
That had been bathed in that Well, that ever after, as men can tell,
Might no venomeous worm come therein, by the vertue of that Virgin.
Nor nigh it ſeven foot more. Then Bevis was glad therefore,
When he ſaw the Dragon fell, had no power to come to the Well:
Then was he glad without fail, and reſted a while for his avail.
And drank of the water his fill, and then he leapt out of the Well:
And with Morglay his Brand, aſſailed the Dragon I understand:
On the Dragon he ſtroke ſo faſt, that where he hit the calss braſt,
The Dragon then fainted ſore, and caſt up a Gallon more,
Out of his mouth of venom ſtrong, and on Sir Bevis he it flong,
Which was ſo venomous I wis, that when it was on Sir Bevis,
His armour burſt at that ſtound, and he fell dead on the ground,

There

There was no life in him seen, he lay as a dead man on the green;
The Dragon smote him without fail, that he turned top and tail,
But therefore he took no keep, he lay as a dead man asleep:
He smote Bevis, as I you tell, till he smote him into the Well,
That was of so great vertue that time, for it would suffer no venime,
Though vertue of that Virgin, that was once bathed therein.
When Bevis was at the ground, the water made him whole and sound,
And quenched all the venome away: this well saved Bevis that day.
When he felt him whole and light, and knew that Well of so great might,
Then was he a joyful man, he was as fresh as when he began.
He kneeled down in that place, to Jesus Christ he called for grace,
That he would send him might, to slay the Dragon in fight.
Bevis with him, and forth yode, and leapt out with heart full good,
And Bevis to the Dragon goes is, and the Dragon to Sir Bevis.
Long and hard was the fight, betwixt the Dragon and the Knight,
But ever when Bevis was hurtfore, he went to the wel and washt him thore,
He was as whole as any man, and ever as fresh as when he began.
The Dragon saw he might not avail, beside the Well to hold battail,
He thought he would with some wile, out of that place Bevis beguile:
He would have flown then away, and Bevis leapt after with good Morglay,
And hit him under the wing, as he began to take his flying:
There he was tender without scale, then Bevis thought to be his bale,
He smote after him as I you say, with his sword good Morglay,
Up to the hilts Morglay yode, through heart, liver, bone and blend:
To the ground fell the Dragon, great joy then Sir Bevis began:
Under the scales all on right, he smote his head off forth-right,
And put it upon a spear, and away he did it bear.
He went to Coleyn that tide, with great joy and much pride.
When they off the City saw Bevis, come with the Dragons head, I wis,
All the Bels then began to ring, Priests and Clerks then did sing,
And brought Bevis into the Town, with great joy and renown:
Then was Bevis name in honour, every man did him favour.
In every Land is now spred, Sir Bevis great praise and laud.
Glad was the Bishop tho, that Sir Bevis hand born him so.

BEvis did go upon a day, to the Bishop where he lay,
And said: What is your red, Sir? I would go to revenge my Father,
Of that wicked Fellon, that slew him by Treason,
If I might by any gin, my heritage again to win:
And Sir, you are my Fathers Brother, and Sir Sabere is another;
Of you two I must have counsail, for surely I will him assail.
Sir, said the Bishop, anon right, Sir Sabere is a doughty Knight,

For

For every yer on a day certain, he lighteth thy Step-father again,
With a great Baronage, for to win the Heritage:
I will thee find at my coltage, an hundred men and pay them wage,
And go to Sabere thy Uncle right, he lives now in the Ile of Wight,
Sir, he said, I thank you truly, but let these men be soon ready.
Sir Bevis went then to Iosian, and took his leave of his Lemman,
And said, My Lady, I must go, for to wreak me of my foe,
For to win into my hand, all my Heritage and my Land:
And here till shall you be, and Ascapart shall be with [illegible].
He shall have ere I do wend, money enough for to [illegible].
Iosian said it must be so, she kissed him, and he forth did go.
Forth went Bevis with a rout, of hardy men, bold and stout.
That the Bishop him gave: so long on the Sea they have,
Till they came to a Town, but two mile from South-hamptown;
Then said Bevis to them tho, is there any man that will go,
Unto Sir Murdure of Almaine, and say there is come an Almaine,
With doughty men not far di stance, the best of the Realm of France;
And say we be come into this Land, for we be given to understand,
There should be great war and fight, between him and another Knight,
And we will help him in that stour, if he will lend my men armour.
And if he will not do so, to the other we will go.
A Knight went forth on that message, that noble was of lineage.
When he came to the Castle gate, the Porter let him in thereat.
And to Sir Murdure was he led, he told him as Bevis sed.
Murdure then was hereof full fain, he rose up and went them again.
And brought Sir Bevis into the Hall, and fairly saluted them all.
Bevis was Sir Murdures Guest, that night he did him feast.
His own Father without leasing, made Sir Bevis great feasting.
Murdure asked what he hight? Gerrard, he said, I you plight.
Gerrard, he said, I wis, this Countess which here is,
An Earl had her ere I her wed, and gate a child by her in bed:
When the Earl to death was brought, the youth anon ward nought.
His Father was of noble blood, and his Mother in all things good.
The Boy when he came to age, sold to me his Heritage;
He spent his silver with much blame, and went out of the land for shame.
Now cometh his Uncle, a hardy Knight, that dwelleth in the Ile of Wight.
And challengeth his Heritage, with a full bold Baronage:
And oftentimes with his great rout, destroyeth my Land round about.
This is the cause Sir Gerrard, that either war on other hard.
When Sir Murdure had all said, Bevis sate still and was ill apaid,
And thought Lord whether shall I flo, this false Traitor ere I go?
Nay, thought Bevis truly, it will turn to villany:

Then men might deem by reason, that I slew him by treason:
It would me blot with cowardise, if I him slay in his wise:
Therefore I will not now assail, I will him slay in plain Battail:
When Bevis a while had sitten still; Sir, he said, will you hear my will?
I have hither company brought, but in armour be they nought:
They might not armour lead, but it noyed them as they yead:
And few horses I wis have we, left them for carrying beyond the Sea:
Lend me horse and armour then, for to harness all my men:
And if you have any shipping too, that we may to the Ile goe,
This night will I it [illegible]ne, on him that is your enemy:
And thus within a little while, you shall hear a quaint guile.
Sir Murdure did as he bade, and the men with armour clad,
And ordained him shipping good, and brought them into the flood,
And forth they went all by night, untill they came to the Ile of Wighe.
Sabere out of the Castle lay, and heard much noyse and great array,
And saw a shipp to land was dight, with many heads and helms bright,
And had wonder what they were; but Bevis displaied his Banner there,
For to make glad Sir Sabere, of his Father Sir Guyes armere.
For many a time their before, were those armes in battail born,
Sabere new the Cognisance, and made them good semblance.
And said, certes I understand, that ponder is Bevis now come to Land.
Sabere went thither all in haste, where the ship was made fast,
And welcomed Bevis with joy and blis, and either the other then did kis,
And thanked God for his grace, that Bevis was come unto that place.
Forth went Bevis and Sabere, with their men without fear,
Bevis told his Cause there, how he deceived his Step-father.
Bevis asked forthwith than, if that there ware ever a man,
The which durst go I wot, to South-hampton in a Boat,
And tell Sir Murdure this night, that it was not a French Knight,
Neither that he hight Gerrard, that made not with him forward:
But say it was Bevis of renown, right Heir of South-hamptown,
And say, the Countess is my Dame, the Devil give them both much shame,
And say, he will avenged be, for slaying of his Father Sir Guy:
And who so for me will do this, shall be well rewarded I wis.
Up start a Knight with a bold visage, which undertook the message,
And armed him forthwith full hot, and went soon into a Boat:
When he came to the other side, unto the Castle straight he did ride,
And found Sir Murdure at his supper, with good semblant and merry chear.
The Knight on his knees him set, and Sir Murdure fair then did he greet.
And said, Sir Murdure, I do bring, unto thee a certain tyding,
That the Knight is not Gerrard, that to day with thee made that forward,
He hight Bevis of South-hampton, he is my Ladies owne son:

I heard him so to Sabere speak, his Fathers death he will soon wreak,
And win he will his Heritage, of them that have done him outrage.
When Sir Murdure heard that word, he cast his knife over the Board,
To have smitten the Messenger, but he failed as you may hear,
And smote his son upon the head, that he never after spake with Priest.
Then rose there a noyse and cry, the Messenger then forth did flie,
And thought not good to well there long, but out he leapt into the throng,
And smote his Horse with his Spurs, when he came without the doors.
Fair and well he gan him dight, till he came to the Ile of Wight,
And told Sir Bevis and Sir Sabere, how Murdure sitting at supper,
His own son for ire he slew; Bevis had good game when he it knew,
And gave the Messenger without grudging, forty pound for his tiding.

How a Knight that highe Miles, came and wooed Iosian, and wedded her, against her will, and how she strangled him, for which she was judged to be burnt; and how Bevis saved her.

LEt us of them be still then, and speak we now of Iosian,
That in Coleyn dwelled still, where she had not all her will:
There dwelt a Knight that highe Miles, in the Land of Coleyn that whiles:
On Iosian his love he cast, and wooed her wondrous fast:
But all his speech turned to nought, for nothing could change her thought.
The Earl was wroth in his manner, for Iosian made him in great danger;
And in his anger he down him sate, and to Iosian he spake words great:
I will have of thee my will, whether it turn to good or ill.
Sir, said Iosian, the worst let be, I dread thee not at all truly:
For if thou cause me to smart, I arrie me in Ascapart.
Certainly, quoth Earl Mile, I shall him by some manner begile.
When he saw he might not speed, up he rose and forth he yeed:
He made a Letter to be written right, on this manner it was dight,
From Bevis as a Letter would, that Ascapart to me should,
Unto a Castle in that Ile, lying from Coleyn but a mile,
When Ascapart heard that send, he took his Bat in his hond,
And went forth with the Messenger, in great haste till he came there:
When he was well within, the Messenger knew a quaint gin;
Within he left Ascapart, and locked the gates to him hard;
He rowed himself to land again, and told sir Mile of the train.
Then had the Earl no dread, but to Iosian again he yeed,
And said, Lady now mote, thy Ascapart from me is gone,
In a Castle within the Sea, fast locked sure is he.
Then was she full ill apaid, and to a Messenger she said,
Go ten to ship this dark night, and pass forth to the Ile of Wight,
And bid sir Bevis for anything, come to me without letting.

And he will have me on liue I pray the go to him bilue :
I ſhall thy reward well pay, do thy errand without delay.
The Meſſenger went forth awar, there was no more for him to ſay.
And or Mile ſoon after then, came unto fair Iofian ;
And firſt he would he be lren her by : Sir, ſhe ſaid, have mercy,
For I have ſworn by Godtraly, that no man ſhall lie me by,
Although therefore I loſe my life, vntill he wed me to be his wife ;
If thou wilt me eſpouſe and wed, then ſhalt have me to thy bed.

Gladly my Lady, then ſaid he, to morrow ſhall we wedded be :
He kiſſed her anon as his right, and ſent both for Baron and Knight,
That ſhould be of his company, at the wedding for to be :
For he would be wedded priuily, the next morning here early.
On the morrow before nought, but they to the Church were brought:
They early then began to wed, both to bed and eke to bed.
When the wedding was all done, by that it was high noon,
Earles and Barons were ſoon ſet, and rich meat was forth fet,
There lacked nought certainly, of rich meat and minſtraſie.

When

When it grew toward night, a rich supper there was dight,
And afterward derayment, as the Lady to chamber went,
Within her bed when that she was, the Earl came and did repose,
With Barons and great company, and dainties made with Spicery;
When they had drunken wine: Sir, said Iosian, and Lords mine,
Let no person here be this night, to beat our pastry and light,
Neither Knight, maden, nor swain, my self shall be your Chamberlain.
He said, Lewman, it shall be so; man and maid he bade out go:
He shut the door well and fast, and set him down set he fast:
To have a Curtain it was Law; before the bed he did it draw:
Then on a Girdle without leasing, he made a knot riding:
About his neck the girdle throw, and strangled him without more:
Then on a beam he hanged him hie, and let him hang for his folly.
The night passed in that wise, the Barons gan for to arise,
Some in hunting, and some to Church, and workmen rose to go to work.
The day day passed without fail, the Barons have of him much marvail,
Some said, let him be still, of Iosian he hath his will.
After when it drew to noon, a Barons spake then full soon,
I marvail how this may be, I will go to that Chamber and see;
He smote the door then so fast, that open flew it at last:
Arise, he said, Earl Mile, for thou hast kept a great while,
Thy head aketh I wot well, he'll thou need of a Candle?
Nay, said she, I undertake, his head shall never more ache,
I have charmed him for ever more, that his pain shall never also more:
For I have smitten the Wedding, point for point my lord hanging:
He shall never woman spill, as with me to fashion your will.
All they made great sorrow: the next day on the morrow,
She was judged be burnt, in the fire to be brent,
Without there was set a stake, and great fire there did make:
In the Castle lay Ascapart, full heavy ever was his heart,
And had great wonder truly, what the fire would signifie:
He thought in his heart then, Iosian some woe was in:
In the Castle where he was locked, a Turret he had all to broke:
He was so woe and wood, that he leapt into the Sea flood.
And fast by him it chanced, that a Pilot came that tide:
Then Ascapart took his Oar in hand, and rowed himself unto the land,
Towards the folk he gan row, Bevis came after and him overtook:
And said, theef, where hast thou been? and where hast thou left my Queen?
Sir Bevis Lord mercy, he said, the Earl Mile hath me betrayed.
Towards the fire they fled them blithe, the Pilot gan Iosian to shrive:
Christs blessing have we among, for that he tarried by her so long,
When the fire was all ready, in her smock she cast thereby.

Right as they would her haue, an Arundel Bevis gan ren,
And in his hand good Morglay, and Ascapart went another way:
And ah they that about her stound, Bevis fold to the ground,
There was neither Knight nor Swain, that came away unslain,
And that made the false Earl Mile, for his Treason and his guile.
Bevis sore with him to tan, and Ascapart and Iosian,
And went forth anon right, till he came to the Ile of Wight.
Sir Sabere welcomed with good heart, Bevis, Iosian, and Ascapart.

How Sir *Bevis*, and Sir *Sabere* his Dame, sent them Messengers far and wide, for men of Acres, to succour them in their time of need, against Sir *Murdure*, that held *Bevis* Heritage by Treason, thus was imagined by the wicked woman his Mother: and how in the field *Ascapart* bare *Murdure* and his Horse, maugre all the Host, into the Castle, and how he was sodden to death in a Cauldron.

SAbere and Bevis lemp the tone, with heart to chere them,
After right great Chevisans of Saltwash Knights plevit.
That they might find for them, both Meat and Drink for men,
They spared neither Sabere nor Dame, for the best they have they won'd.
Bevis was courteous and free, to every man he did degree,
There came Earls and Barons also, for to serven for Bevis.
There came Knights, Squires and Page, each one had of him good wages,
And rich gifts in deed and lete; each man after his daughtenele.
Therefore each man him sought, to fore and left what he best thought it.
Ever he chose of them the best, that he could find, Great or small.
Sir Murdure mues for him make he, and he for Bevis had such a many.
The Countess said, Dear Sir Knight, of good counsel I am set aright,
Ye shall send forth with certain, after the power of Almain.
Also ye shall your sond, after my father in Scotland,
He will come to you readily, with a full great company,
And we may have many more, out of England and Wales alle,
Wherefore should you dread more, when you have so many man?
If Bevis see you have this cost, he will flee away in haste.
Sir Murdure did by her counsel, the Messanger went without fail.
That after ward without lesing, to Hampton came Prince and King.
There came with the King of Scotland, the number of five thousand:
There came out of Almaine, with five Mors of Vaine,
Four thousand with helmes bright, all well armed for to fight.
And Sir Murdure had alle, three thousand men and more
Now Lordings, said Sir Murdure, you that come me to succour,

Often

Often you have heard speak parde, the ofstrife betwixt Sabere and me;
And now to help him for to fight, is come Bevis a Noble Knight:
Ever I thought he had been dead, what is therefore your best read?
He threatneth me for to be slain, and that he will have his land again:
A Gyant with him he hath wrought, an earthly man seemeth he nought.
Neither of flesh, nor yet of fell, for he is like the Devil of hell;
Men call him Ascapart throughout all him forthy I have great doubt:
But Lordings, he said, arme you well, both with iron and eke with steel.

Though Ascapart be stiffe and stark, many hands make light work:
When his host was armed and dight, they shipped to the Ile of Wight,
And all the Ile was then besieged, with the power Sir Murdure led.
Sir Sabere looked out at a Window, and saw the host of Sir Murdure,
And all hastily down did go, for to tell Sir Bevis so:
And said, Bevis now counsail, I trow it would us well avail,
In this Castle to hold us still, and to defend us from all ill,
For such an host as hath Murdure, truly I never in no stoure.
Go away Sabere, said Bevis tho, for if they had as many more,

Against

Against us they have no might: they have the wrong and we the right,
Arm you all, Bevis gan cry, then they made hast readily:
And you shall have Sir Sabere, three thousand under your Banner,
And I as many will lead, of doughty men good at need,
For I will have the foreward: and then be said to Ascapart,
Thou shalt stay here truly, with three thousand men hardy,
When we have medled a stound, and each brought other to ground.
And that the stour is most strong, hie thee thither and stay not long.
For three thousand of fresh men, good help will do us then.
Bevis then his horn did blow, that all his men might him know:
By that his blowing Sir Murdure, knew they gathered to the stour,
He said, Lordings, without fail, now cometh our foe to battail,
Be ye hardy and stout also, for we be as many moe.
Two battails did they make, the King of Scotland did one take,
Sir Murdure the other had, either of them ten thousand had:
The first that from the Castle came out, was Sir Bevis with his rout,
And Sabere with his company, came after full boldly.
Either by sail gan other dese, and here man made him ready.
Sir Moris of Vaine, rode fast Sir Sabere again,
And Sabere met him so, I wis, and such a stroke he gave Sir Moris,
That quite away gan cleave, from the shulder, arm and sleeve.
Before the Meale went Sir Bevis, on every side he slew, I wis,
There might none with him stand, that saw the King of Scotland;
He pressed in with his rout, and beset Bevis round about:
Bevis then would not stay, but in the rout with good Morglay;
He would by no meanes flinch so, till he came the King unto,
And such a stroke he him sent, that horse and man to ground went;
But such succour came to him tho, that thank Sir Bevis did not him so:
But ere that he was horsed again, many men Bevis had slain,
Forth pressed Bevis [illegible] among, on every side down he flung;
He never stinted in [illegible] stour, till he came to Sir Murdure:
Traytor, he said with great envy, turn thee now, I thee defie,
When Murdure saw he was beset, he turned his back and would have fled,
And Bevis smote after with good Morglay, but missed him there, well away,
From his back the stroke fell down, and hit upon the saddle crop down,
And smote a sunder to the ground, horse and saddle both in that stound,
But there came hastily succour, and horsed again Sir Murdure.
Full stoutly to den did he abide, the people died on every side.
Bevis rode forth and Arundell, on every side he did them fell:
Some lay bleeding as a Swine, and some began then to pine,
Below their visages did pare, that men might see their teeth bare,
There went none unmaimed away, that he might hit with Morglay.

For

For so grieved was he, where he had one, they had three.
But Bevis and Sabere bare them so, against one he slew two.
When the throng was thus smart, then forth came Ascapart,
All on fast I you swear, for there might no Horse him bear:
He took his Staffe into his hand, and slew all that near he fand.
When Ascapart came with his rout, then did Sir Murdure great doubt.
For he brought with him then, three thousand freth men,
And laiden on every side, and slew all that would abide.
Great pitty men might have seen, of the murther that there had been.
Fearful they were of Ascapart, for he smote so sore and hard,
That three thousand they might see, slain and drown'd in the Sea.
Bevis called Ascapart him till, and said, Serlow hear my skill;
Look that you take good heed, to him that rideth on the white Steed.
And bear him alive into the Tower, for that same is Murdure:
Yes, said Ascapart tho, we shall smite him ere we go.
Ascapart with his Staffe, many their deaths did he graffe:
With great strength and much pain, he came to Sir Murdure of Almain,
And all on Horse as he sate there, under his arm he gan him bear,
Then began Murdures men to flie, to rescue him they would not die.
The King of Scotland with his rout, beset Ascapart round about.
And then Sir Bevis and Sir Sabere, came thither with their power,
And slew all that would stand, to the number of one thousand.
And maugre if they had sworn, Murdure was to the Castle born.
The King of Scotland then did fret, when he saw Murdure to the Castle set,
And all his men down smitten, he turned his back to have fled;
Then they would no longer abide, but flew them down on every side.
Sir Bevis and Sir Sabere, chased them with their power:
So fast followed they, that many fled into the Sea.
And they that stood them again, they were all mated and slain:
Some their thanks by the knee, and some were parted into three:
Some their Nose, and some their Lip; the King of Scotland had a ship,
And fled away (worthy the Wesh, to the place that liked him best,
Bevis and Sabere turned again, into the Castle glad and fain:
Sir Bevis without any let, made a Cauldron on fire be set.
Full of Pitch and Brimstone, a worse death was under none:
When the Cauldron boyled hard, Murdure was cast into the midward:
That death died he truly, for the death of good Sir Guy.
Thereof heard the Countess, that Sir Murdure dead was:
She stood above in a Tower, so woe she was for Sir Murdure,
She leapt down and brake her neck, I believe to them that do it wreck.
When Sir Bevis the tiding heard, of his Mother, how she fared,
As sorry was he for her, as he was for his Step-father.

Soon after good sir Bevis, came to South-hampton is,
To take possession of his Lands, that had been long out of his hands:
The Burgesses with much pride, to meet sir Bevis forth gan ride,
And brought sir Bevis fair and well, to Hampton to his own Castle,
To Hampton all the Barouage, came and did Bevis homage.
Then was Bevis glad and fain, that he had his enemies slain.
Then Bevis the forth to fair, sent to the Bishop of Coleyn,
That he would not for any thing, but have him at his wedding.
When he was thither come, two knights took forth anon,
To Church then they her led, the Bishop himself on the Book read:
And unto Bevis he was wedded blive, unto the ending of their lives.
Now hath Bevis recovered his estate, two children on her he gate.
The first night together they lay: afterward I to you say,
Sabere cow felled him there, to go to London to king Edgare,
To make him homage, as reason would, of his Lands he challenge and hold
Sir Bevis did after his counselling, and went forth before the King,
And proffered to do him homage, as it pertained to his heritage.
King Edgar asked what he hight, and what he claimed for his right.
Sir, he said, my name is Bevis, the Earldom of South-hampton mine is,
After my father Sir Guy, that was slain for his Lady,
By sir Murdure of Almain, and thanked be God he is slain.
Bevis, said the King, I hold me apaid, I grant that thou no more hast said.
The King his Marshall called he hand, and said, deliver me the wand,
For Guy his Father was my Marshall, and sir Bevis his Son so he shall.
The wand to Bevis the King taketh, and his Marshall him maketh.
Bevis is now of great might, beloved both of King and Knight:
Each man both Earl and Baron, loved and dread Bevis of Hampton,
For largely would he spend, and gave both give and lend,
To every man after his estate, no man had cause him to hate,
He was so curteous and so kind, that every man was his friend:
Save sir Brain of Cornwale, he hated Bevis without fail.
For Bevis had those Offices, that sometime were his.
In Summer at Whitsontide, when Knights on Horse back ride,
A Course they make upon a day. Steeds and Palfreyes to assay;
Which Horse the best do ren, there unto the Course was put,
He that best ride could, should have forty pound of Gold.
Sir Bevis was paid well, for he trusted in Arundel.
On the morrow when it was light, thither came both Baron and Knight,
With fair steeds and much pride, that in that Course would ride,
Two Knights were from below. a large half mile and more:
That none of his fellows mote; Bevis with his spurs smote,
In Arundel, so saith the Book, and unto the way he them took,

He rode the Course in a while, ore they had t'bought he had rid two mile.
Now hath Bevis the Prize won, throughout Arundell that well did run.
Wherefore with that and other chattell, he made the Castle of Arundell,
The Horse was praised in that place, for both swift and lusty he was.
The Kings Son and Heir, thought the Horse good and fair:
And to Bevis then he hied, and prayed him to have his steed.
No, said Bevis, for no gold, but ask else what you would,
At your will you shall it have, but Arundell do you not crave,
For any prayer you can pray, my steed I will not give away.
The Kings Son when he it saw, that his mind he could not draw,
Without any more table, he went unto sir Bevis stable,
He went the Horse to untie, and when he came some what nie,
And Arundell was also hot, with his hinder foot he him smote,
That he drove out his brain, that he lay there dead slain.
There was role and much weeping, when tidings came to the King,
Forthwith the King he ramed, made to be cald his parliament;
And began for to ordain, that sir Bevis should be slain,
And be drawn with wild beasts; his Barons would not his hests:
They said that were no skill, but Arundell should be at his will,
For he slew thy Son so; but nought to Bevis may we do.
Nay, said Bevis, for no Castle, would I let slay Arundell,
For he is good every where, yet had I rather the Land for swear.
Then sir Brian of Cornwale said, this is my counsell and read,
That ye do one of the two; I assent, said Bevis, tho,
Before you all I give here, my Heritage to sir Saberes.
Sir Bevis delivered up the wand, and there he forswore England;
A fortnight had he respite, to spend all in delight.
But if after he might be found, he should be taken and fast bound,
On this manner they were at one. and to Hampton he rode anon,
And there he told his friends there, of the case, both sele and more;
It is no bot for us to mourn, for we may no longer here sojourn,
Bevis and Josian made all ready, and took their leave for to Ferry.
Saberes son that night Terry, Bevis took with him for company,
And Ascapart that false thief, and through him he had much grief.
He thought here I do nought, and get nothing but travell;
But if I might by Termagant, bring Josian to Arrabrant,
I should be welcome the King until, and have treasure at my will.
Thus Ascapart false was he, for Bevis was fallen into poverty.
When a man doth in poverty fall, few friends meets he withall.

How *Bevis* and fair *Iosian* took their way into a strange Land; and how she travailed in a Forrest, and was delivered of two children; and how *Ascapart*, that false fellown, after her deliverance, came and bare her away; and after that, how *Bevis* came to a great Justing and Turnament, and won the Prize: And how *Sabere* found *Iosian*, and brought her to *Bevis*.

NOw Bevis and Iosian forth gan ride, till they came to a Forrest side:
And Iosian that was so mild, in that wood travailed with child.
Bevis and Terry down gan light, and with their swords a lodge they digh,
And brought fair Iosian therein, for they could not better gin.
Sir Bevis gan his service proffer, for to help her he did offer:
She thanked him and said nay, for Gods love hence away.
Go and play with your Terry, and let me alone and our Lady:
There shall never womans pitty, for man be shewed for me.
Bevis and Terry went forth there, for they would not her pain hear:
And Ascapart took another way, not far off he meant to stay.
After that Bevis was gone her fro, she was delivered of children two.
When Ascapart heard that case, that Iosian delivered was:
To the lodge he went there, and Iosian away did bear:
There might no prayers her borrow. I wonder she died not with sorrow,
For he swore by Termagant, he would lead her to Mambrant.
When Bevis had long tarried, again to the lodge he him hied;
In the lodge found he no moe, but onely young children two:
Then wist he not what to say, when he said Iosian was away.
Alas, then said Sir Bevis, Ascapart hath done treason I wis;
Sir Bevis fell down in a trance, and Sir Terry did him upbrance.
When Bevis saw no better it would be, a rich mantle then took he,
And lapped the two Children in, for they were some-deal of his kin:
No longer then would he abide, he took his Children and forth did ride.
A Forster in the wood he met, Sir Bevis him saluted, and did him greet:
Sir, said Bevis to him than, sawest thou ought of such a man,
Lead a woman by any way? Sir, said the Forster, nay,
Of what profession art thou Watcheter? Sir, said he, I am a Forster:
Wilt thou, said Bevis, so Christen thy shield, Christen here a heathen child?
But right now it was born, too soon it hath the mother forlorn.
And keep it but this seven year, forten mark have it here.
Gladly, said the Forster is: he took the child, and the silver also:
And said, what shall I call him Sir Knight, Guy, he said, as my father hight.
And when it is full seven year, of each Land do you enquire,
After Bevis of Hamptown, my name is up by my crown:

And

And bring the child unto me, and well rewarded shalt thou be.
Gladly Sir, he said, I wis; he went his way, and Bevis his.
For they rode, saith the book, and another man they overtook,
And asked what man was he, he said, a Fisher of the Sea.
And Bevis with good semblant, made with him the same covenant.
That he should on this manner, his other son keep for seven yer.
The Fisher granted as Bevis said, he took the child and was well apaid.
After himself in that while, he Christned the child and highte it Mile.

Forth rode Bevis by Dale and Down, till he came to a Market-Town,
He took his Arms as a courteous knight, and sat to supper he him dight.
At a window Bevis looked out, he saw in the streets all about,
Steedstrapped fair and bright, Dukes, Earls and many a Knight:
Out of the windows on every side, Arms were hanged fair wide,
Heroldes gan the Arms soon discry, and thereof Bevis marvailed greatly,
And asked the Hoast thereof tiding, Sir, he said, hear you nothing,
Of the great Jousting that shall be, to morrow in this City?
The Dukes daughter and his Heir, she is a Maiden bright and fair.

Her Father is now nèr dead, therefore it is given her to read,
A great Juſting for to try, and he that hath the maſtery,
Shall this maid have to Wife, and his Lands to guide and lead.
Now ſaid Bevis to Terry, what ſhall we Juſt for the Lady?
Yes, ſaid Terry, what ſhould we elſe, if it be ſo as he us telle;
Bevis gave the man for his tiding, forthwith a fair ſhilling.
On the morrow when it was day light, then roſe both Baron and Knight.
Fair tokens they gan on them throw, whereby the Lady ſhould them know.
Sir Bevis bare in colours of Paint, a red Lion of gold rampant.
So forth rode Terry and he, to the Juſting where it ſhould be
The fair Lady Elinor, over the Caſtle lay that hour,
And the Juſting ſhe beheld, for ſe who did beſt in field
Then the Knights gan to ride, each to other on every ſide,
And Bevis rope firſt again, the Emperours ſon of Almain,
To him Bevis bare ſo falſe, that Horſe and Man to ground he caſt,
The Earl of Florence ſtout Ulban, againſt Bevis in haſte ran,
And Bevis met him in the field, and hit him amid the ſhield,
That two yards broad and more, he caſt him from his Horſe thore:
Then came forth Duke Anthony, who was Duke of Burgony:
He was ſtrong and of great prize, and thus he ſaid Sir Bevis,
Turn thee here and make defence, I will avenge the Earl of Florence.
Then Bevis would no longer abide, but ſmote Arundel under the ſide.
Each to other then ſo drove, that their ſpeares all to rove.
But Sir Bevis ſo hard him thruſt, that his ſhoulder bone he burſt,
Therefore he was griev'd ſore, for that he might Juſt no more.
And then rode forth Sir Terry, to the Kings brother of Hungary,
And gave him ſuch a rebown, that Horſe and man fell down.
Then came the Earl Hamant, and to Terry made his aſſaant.
Terry hit him amidſt the ſhield, and bare him quite into the field,
There was no Knight verily, that might Juſt with Bevis and Terry.
Full warily the other ſought, but Sir Bevis ſpared them nought.
The Steward of that Land, Sir Bevis call on the ſand;
And that rejoyeth fair Elinor, for the boaſt he made before.
And many Bevis bare throughout, ſo that they ſtood in great doubt,
They linted not till it was night, that they wanted the day light,
Then they ceaſed their Killing, on the morrow they heard tiding,
That all the praiſe and renown, was given to Bevis of Hamptown.
Dame Elinor would not blin, till Bevis came the Court within,
She ſaid, Sir, by my counſail, you ſhall me wed without fail.
Each to other for term of life. Nay, ſaid Bevis, I have a wife,
He told how ſhe was taken away, through Treaſon I you ſay.
And for her he is full wo, now ſhe ſaid, ſith it is ſo,

Yon shall tell this seven yere, be my Lordin clean manne,
And if you find her not by than, I will thee have before any man.
And the nert to the truly, is the good Knight sir Terry.
And if this may stand in stead, I grant, said Bevis, to this dey,
Y no this was he Governour, and led the Land in great honour.
As Sabere slept in his Bed, he dreamed that Bevis was ill bested,
Through Ascapart his Swain, fearing he had Sir Bevis slain.
When he awaked his heart was cold, his dreames to his wife he told:
Sir, she said, as I ween, Bevis is brought into some teen,
For as I trow by my life, he hath lost either child or wife,
Through Ascapart that false treif, surely Bevis is in some greif:
I shall him seek, said Sabere, Twelve Knights he did attire,
In Palmers weeds they went anon, they were clothed every one,
Upon Armour sure and well, made of Iron and of Steel.
Forth they went more and less, till they came to Heathenes.
When Iosian was nigh Mambrant, she then began to lament,
She met Sabere in the disage, and said, Palmer, in her Language,
I pray thee of succour and read, unless you help, I am but dead,
Certes Iosian, said Sabere, it liketh me well that you be here,
For of you, Madam, be rament, I shall make Bevis a present.
He was grieved at Ascapart, and assailed him full hard.
They him beset on every side: but none could his dints abide.
From his strokes they all shun and again as Knights anon,
They struck sharp and sore, sometimes here and sometimes there
And as he smote after a Knight, Sabere ran to him full right.
And with his sword, without doubt, he thrust Ascapart through out,
That he fell dead to the ground: glad was Iosian in that stound,
Sir Sabere took Iosian than, that was as white as any Swan.
Her body that was fair and bright, he with an ointment all bedight,
And made her yellow and green, that before was fair and sheen,
That no man should her know, therefore he discoloured her so.
For Sir Bevis they then sought, but tidings of him heard they nought.
That will be found, found will be: on a day they came into the City:
And led Iosian to her Inne, and he went forth some Meat to win.
As Sabere went to the Castle gate, he met his son Terry thereat.
He prayed him in the honour of God, that he would give him some good.
Terry then beheld him as blive, and said, Palmer, as I may thrive,
There shall no meat for thee be too dear, for you art like my Father Sabere;
Sabere, said he, by Gods grace, for by my mother said I was.
When Terry saw that it was he, he embraced him with heart free,
And kissed him, and asked, Father, what hath made you come hither?
Sabere said, Son, thou shalt see, what thing I have brought with me.

Forth

Forth they went without fear, till they came to the Inns of Sabere,
Then Sabere with good intent, of Iosian waſhed the ointment;
Fair and well they her dight, and brought her to the Cattis right. (land:
And took her then to Bevis hand: there was not ſo welcome a preſent in the
There came the Fither and the Foſter, with two children clear:
For they held Bevis covenant right, and he made each of them a Knight:
And then wedded good Sir Terry, of that Land, to the fair Lady.
There was great faſt, I wies, on every ſide was joy and bliſs.

How *Bevis* cauſed King *Ermine* to be Chriſtened, and all the people of the Land, and how King *Iour* came againſt King *Ermine* with a great Army, and how *Bevis* took him Priſoner, and made him pay a ranſome.

HEre begynneth a new tiding, of King Iour and Ermine King.
Between them they Battail make, and all war for Iosians ſake.
A Palmer tole Bevis of that tiding, and Sir Bevis all bring,
Sent after men of Chivalry, roughty Knights and full hardy,
That he had known long before, and all they to him ſwore.
When Bevis had gathered his company, he took his leave of Sir Terry,
And Terry proffered with him to go, but Bevis ſaid it ſhould not be ſo.
Sabere thy father ſhall wend with me, if I have need I will ſend for thee.
Guy and Miles to horſe gan dight, with ſtal-worth ſwords to fight,
And Bevis with all his company, went forth to Armony.
Of his coming the King was blith, and reſorced an hundred ſith.
And ſaid, if thou will forgive me, I will be Chriſtned for love of thee.
On that covenant he gave a kiſs, that they might be accorded I wis:
Then without any other dow, Bevis ſent to the Biſhop of Rome;
That he ſhould ſend a Clerk good, Sabere them Biſhopped ore he yode;
That they might with clear Clergy, Chriſten the Land of Armony.
For the Kings grant they bad, the Biſhop it heard, and was glad:
And had ſent after his law, Clerks that were wiſe in the Law,
They Chriſtned Ermine with their hand, and then all the people of the Land.
In many places Bevis garwoth, to build Chappels and many a Church.
So was the Land of Armony, through Bevis Chriſtned truly,
King Iour heard of this ſame, that Bevis was come into the Land.
A great Hoaſt made he tho, twenty thouſand Sarazins and mo.
And to Armony went he them, and there he gan to rob and bren.
When Bevis heard that he was come, a great Hoaſt he prohibed anon;
And rode King Iour again, with all his power, might and main.
It was a fair ſight for them that beheld, when both parties met in the field.
The field ſhone wondrous light, with baſenets that were bright.

But

But soon after they were other, when both the Hoalls sought together.
On both parts the Romans skies, they shot arrows with bow turkeys,
With Halberts and Wils they did fight, as long as either stand might.
And arrows were there so plenty, one Hoall could hardly another see.
With sworde bright that well could bite, each man gan other smite.
While they handled both the same, there was earnest and no game.
And Bevis with Morglay stirred so, that all he hit he smote in two:
The Saracins gan Bevis to dread, and came thick about him readily:
Therewith he was well apaid, and as they came, he down them laid.
So many he slew in that fight, that to his stirrup they lay up right.
He rode forth when he them left, and there he slew as many eft.
Sabere his Came, though he was old, he shewed as was strong and bold,
He slew before him ten and twelve, till he came to the King himself,
And then manges of Mahound, he bare the King down to the ground.
The Saracins followed on a heap, to King Iour gan they leap,
And with force horsed him again, and all at once on Sabere they lain.
Bevis saw Sabere was in doubt, he pressed forth among the rout,
And rescued him in that stour, and himself rode to King Iour:
And led him fair all with force: then he took Sir Sabere his horse,
Into the Town they did him bring, and presented Iour unto the King.
Sabere led him on full quick; the Saracins followed full thick:
But such strokes gave Bevis, that King Iour away led is,
For any thing that they might do, and when they saw that it was so,
They would no longer there abide, Bevis and his men did after ride,
And made on them so hard a chase, that two thousand slain there was:
Many a dead Knight in the field, were seen dead under their shield,
And many a Saracin that day, with deaths wounds went away:
Many steeds men might see, without maisters away flee,
And Saracins might hear, curse Mahound, they have no fear;
When they had made that chase, they returned with great solace.
And Sir Bevis right anon, made fast King Iour into prison.
Then King Iour Bevis prayed, that his Ransome might be payed;
And for a Ransome of the he would, twenty Tuns of red Gold.
Also three hundred Bales of Silk, as many Steeds as white as milk,
And three hundred Cups of Gold fine, and as many of Silver fine,
All this Ransome I will thee give, if thou him will let live.
Let thy servant, said Bevis, the King, and I will save thy life for King;
For so much I dread not thee, that for this Treason from hast go free.
Then was King Iour full fain, and sent to his Chamberlain,
And he brought it without delay, and for his King he did it pay.

How *Bevis* his eldeſt ſon *Guy* was crowned King of *Armany*: and how *Bevis* ſlew King *Iour*, and was after King of *Mambrant*.

OF King Iour let we be, and of King Ermine ſpeak we,
That thould paſs out of his life, and ſent after his ſon blithe:
For Guy, Sir Bevis eldeſt ſon, upon his head he ſet the Crown,
And made him King of Armony, and ſoon after full worthy.
Dieu King Ermine the beſt, in heaven might his ſoul reſt.
Unto Sir Bevis came Sabere, and took his leave home to fare,
To England would he go blithe, to his children and his wife.
Bevis bade him tarry yerament; Sabere would not, but home went.
Now is King Iour in Mambrant, and doth ſwear by Termagant,
That he would him well advance, that might by anychance,
Steal Arundel with ſome treaſon, from Sir Bevis of South-hampton:
For if we Arundel could ſteal, I trow men might with Bevis deal.
There was a theef night Robion, a quaint knave and falſe felown,
He took on him the maſtery, and forth forth to Armony.
With his Charmes and his Craft of Arundel, of Arundel Bevis he bereft,
And brought him into the Tower, and preſented him to King Iour,
Then was he well apaid, that Bevis was thus betraid.
Woe was Bevis, ſooth to ſay, when he miſſed Arundel away.
As Sabere ſlept at night tide, he thought he ſaw Bevis ride.
And Arundel down him caſt, that thos of his ribs were braſt.
When he was awaked he was afraid, unto his wife the dream he ſaid:
Sir, ſaid ſhe, ye be wrong, ye dwell from Bevis all too long.
By him that was of Mary born, I trow his Horſe he hath forlorn:
Then Sabere for Bevis ſake, Straite and Scrip began to take:
He went forth with good ſemblent, until he came to Mambrant,
Thither he went for to ſpie, and left the land of Armony.
Sir Sabere came by a River, where men do beaſts water.
There he ſaw, as he abode, an Arundel bow Robion rode:
Sabere ſaid, by my thinking, that is nothing dreaming:
Fellow, he ſaid, here thou ert read, that ſame is Arundel Steed.
He is well beſeen without doubt, good fellow, turn the about.
And as he turned there, up behind leapt Sir Sabere,
And ſlew the theef Robion, with the end of his Truncheon:
He would no longer there abide, the Sarazins forth ran that tide,
And to the Kaſtle they him fell, how one had gotten Arundel.
Then roſe the cry in the City, that men ſhould after him hie:
They rode after faſt in band, to the number of a thouſand.

And

And full narrowly him beset, Iosian stood in a Turret:
All the skirmish beheld the well, and one riding on Arundell:
Unto the Hall the hied down, and said, Sir, without the Town.
Cometh one riding on your Steed, and surely he is in great dread:
He is beset without doubt, with men of Armes a great rout.
Jesus, said Bevis, a white him save, and succour shall he won have.
Then to Horse went Sir Guy, his brother Miles and Sir Terry,
And eke Sir Bevis had he, with all the Knights of the City:
He hied him fast in that stour, and brought Sabere good succour;
And slew the Saracins down right, that none from them scape might:
Good game there was to be seen, how they lay splawling on the Green.
Tidings came to King Iour, that his men were slain in that stour;
He made to send hastily, after his Brother of Surrey,
And told him how his men were dead, and asked his counsail and red.
I shall thee tell, quoth Bradwin, thou art holden a noble Saracin,
In Pagans or Heathenels, is none like thee for noughtiness;
Therefore I counsail you to, ye end the battail between you two:
And make ready the Panchown, and make sacrifice to Mahound,
That he may send thee the upper hand: and then as I well understand,
Thou wilt a Conquerour be, and we will wend all with thee;
And stand with thee we will the while, and help thee in all thy peril.
Now, said Iour, I assent, and then speedily forth they went,
And make Mahound sacrifice, with all the Saracins that were wise;
And they prayed without miss, their King might be saved from Bevis,
When the King had so done, to Arm him he went full soon:
And went forth to Armony, with three thousand men right hardy.
Soon had Bevis tidings then, of King Iour and his men;
He took with him his sons two, Sabere and Terry, and other moe,
And rode to King Iour again; when Iour saw Bevis he was fain:
And said, Bevis, I understand, wherefore ye came into this Land:
First, ye bereft my men of life, after bereved me of my wife;
Therefore I have taken counsail, between us two to end the battail:
If thou me slay, by Termagant, I grant to thee the Land of Mambrant;
And if I slay thee unmanly, wilt thou grant me the Land of Armony?
Bevis granted as he would, and undertook the battail bold:
Into a place they gan ride, inclosed with water on every side.
They drew their swords hastily, and rode together with great envy: (fare.
Their shields were mashed that they bare, their Helms caused their brows
Then they fought another way, and Bevis hit Iour with Marglay,
That his Helm he him down pare, there men might see his head bare,
And a quarter of his shield, fell down also into the field:
Horse and Man he down gan throw, and both fell to the ground that blive.

Up leapt King Iour and stood, and cryed on Mahound as he were wood:
And smote at Bevis with his fauchion, then Bevis off Arundell lighted down,
And right as Bevis was down lighting, Iour he smote without leasing,
Above Sir Bevis Helm on hie, that the Crest down did lie,
And bruised the Helm in sunder, Sir Bevis kneeled and that was wonder.
Sir Bevis then was grieved sore, up he leapt without any maze.
And gave King Iour such a clent, that he never rose without doubt.
The Saracins were wee that stound, when they saw the King on ground,
That he could neither rise nor go, therefore they were full sorry and wee:
The other people would have fled: Guy and Miles in that sted,
Slew them more or less, ere they might the water pass:
And some the drenche in the flood, there was few quick away good.
Sir Bevis then with policy, took King Iours Armory,
And made them it on him throw, that no man might from Iour him know.
A great power with him went, that came from the City of Marabraut.
When they within the Towne, saw the coming of King Iour,
All they were glad and fain, and opened the Gates again:
And Bevis in to the City gan ride, with great joy and much pride
And through that quaint gin, that rich City did he win,
And made them all become his men, and do him homage then:
And then Curled their Mawmetry, and beleived in God verily;
And he that would not do so, immediately he do him sloe.

How Sir *Bevis* slew Sir *Brian* of *Cornwale* in a great fight in *London*.

NOw is Bevis King of that Land, that sometime King Iour had in hand:
Iosian that was bright and shen, twise thereof hath been Queen.
Bevis and Sabere upon a day, with Hawks and Hounds went to play
As they came by a River, soon they spied a Messenger.
He asked them after a Knight, that Sir Sabere was bight.
Anon Sir Sabere gan forth spring, and said, Messenger, what tiding?
Sir he said, Edgare our King, through his Stewards counselling,
He hath disinherited thine Heir; certes, said Sabere that is not faire.
He rode to Bevis and told him so, and asked him leave for to go.
Bevis said unto Sir Sabere, I will also go with you thither:
With Iosian, Miles, and Sir Guy, and thy son Sir Terry,
Thereof was Sir Sabere glad, for great power with him he had:
And so went forth to England, with men of Arms two thousand,
And sailed to South-hamptown, with many Knights of renown.
Saberes Wife, and Robert his Heir, welcomed them all full fair,
And gave them to understand, how all Sir Saberes land,

The

The King arrested without fail, through Sir Brians counsail.
He saith he may take them away, for Arundell his son did slay.
Then, said Bevis, as I am alive, we will hie thither blive.
Bevis rode forth with little hoast, at Putneth he left his hoast:
It is from London miles three, where he left his company,
And rode himself to London, save twelve Knights, all alone.
Then he went to King Edgare, and asked him in what manner,
He had disherited Sir Sabere, and his son that was his heir.
I delivered him mine Heritage, here before your Warrouge.
The King said to him right soon, Sir Bevis, it ought be mis-done,
It shall be amended in a Parliament, with Earls and Barons assent:
All the Lords that were there, to Sir Bevis made good cheer,
Save Sir Brian, a foul him befall, he was the most foe of them all.
Sir, said Brian to the King, is not this a wondrous thing,
That this fore-banished Swain, is come in England again?
He ought him to hang and draw, as a Traytor against the Law.
The King would pardon Sir Bevis, but the Steward against it sis.
Bevis was both wroth and wood, yet answered neither ill nor good:
He took his lodging in the Town, and to his meat he set him down:
Then Sir Brian forth went he, and made a cry through the City,
All those that armes might bear, and fight with shield or spear,
That they should arm them anon, to avenge the Kings son,
Then were the Gates lockt, Windows and Doors fast stopt.
Chains drawn in every street, to let Sir Bevis you may weet:
When Bevis heard that treason, up he leapt like a Lion,
Full soon he armed him tho, and bade his men for to go,
Unto Putneth some privy way, and to my sons do you say,
That they hie them hither blive, if they will have me on live:
For while I fight here without, you may go both out doubt.
Bevis leapt on Arundel; he had no longer time to dwell.
The first he met without fail, was Sir Brian of Cornwall,
He had with him a great rout, and beset Bevis round about:
And then Sir Bevis said to Brian, turn thee now as thou art a man,
Thou art an old knight of War: Brian to him bare a Spear,
So hard it to Bevis he drove, that his shield he all to rove.
Then he chased when he beheld, how the Steward broke his shield:
Now, said Bevis, will I smite, and begin that deed to quite,
He smote Arundell under the side, and with Morglay in that tide,
He hit Sir Brian on the crown, and to the saddle clove him down:
Bevis stirred him in that stound, two hundred men he cast to ground,
He rode forth to Broad-street, many Lumbards did he meet,
They assailed Bevis wondrous fast, on every side he down them cast:

Bevis had bæn in many a Land, and many a Battail had in hand,
Yet never was hee so wo a man, in any Battail as he was than.
But he defended himself full well, and many of them he did fell,
Da every side he them down cast, and did ride among them fast,
Till he came to the Gate, where he found them on a heap.
Then again began the fight, between the City and the Knight:
Bevis said with milde mood, to the folk that there stood,
I read that yea unlock the Gate, and that ye let me out thereat,
For if I die here within, little creedt shall you win:
All against him then did they cry, yelld thee Bevis or thou shalt die.
Bevis fought till he was wood, and slew Morglay in their blood:
Six hundred men he cast to ground, and had neither been nor wound,
But much sweat on that man, through heat of his body came.
When it drew towards night, the people were still ready to fight,
Then began Arundell his Steed, to help his Master at his need;
By twenty foot on each side, durst no man that Horse abide,
So long lasted then that fight, that it was well nigh dark night.
Sir Bevis Knights had good passage; and to Puenerh wrought the message,
Sir Bevis sons should him abide, if they would see their father on live:
When Iosian heard them speak of Bevis in a swoun she fell I wis.
Her sons, Sir Miles and Sir Guy, took her up presently,
Sons, she said, what is your read? for certes your Father is dead,
The best read that I can, is to slay every man.
Nay, said Miles, we will not do so, but to our Father we will go,
And bring him good succour, if he be living in that stour,
And then if he slain be, we will be avenged truly,
We will destroy all that City: soon they were all ready:
Sir Guy bestride Arum bright, he was not ready but full light:
And a noble Sword gan he take, that was Sir Lancelots du Lake,
Sir Bevis with his own hand, wan it in the Holy Land.
Miles had Arundell Iunderstand, that sometimes owed Rawland,
The Horse was as swift as any swallow, there might no Horse him follow.
Wats took they that ride, and over the Thames gan ride,
And brought with them to the City, a thousand Knights able and free.
They came to the water side, with joy and great pride,
At Ludgate they began arride, where they found Bevis alive,
Certes Lordings I to you say, he that many the fight of the day.
Bevis was so weary in that fight, that he could not sit upright,
There dwelt a Lumbard in that Town, a bought man of great renown,
And he gathered a great host, and rode forth with great boast,
And in hand a good launcon he, that was made of steel brown,
And forth he pricked to Sir Bevis, and said, wilt thou ask no treuse?

And

And then anon with his fauchon, he hit Sir Bevis upon the crown,
Bevis for faint neis laid him low, and leaned him upon his sadle-bow,
That saw Bevis his son Sir Guy, and gan pull with great envy,
With his sword drawn in his hand, and to the Lumbard sent his sand,
So hard on his head he it set, that through Helm and Bavyonet,
Man and Hozle in that stound, he smote asunder to the ground,
The point on the pavement gent, that the fire out went.
At that stroke Sir Bevis lought, for if comfort to him brought:
He thanked God omnipotent, that him help from heaven sent:
Arundel for joy neighed right, and helped Bevis for to fight,
Sir Bevis turned in that whiles, and saw his other son Sir Miles,
Come picking with a great rout, of armed men him about:
He never nere to seek Leech, that Sir Miles might over reach,
Men might here crowns crack, when Bevis gan to strake.
So heard they gan to meet, that the blood ran in every street.
So many men were dead, that Cheap-side was of blood red,
For there were slain, I uwerstand, to the number of two thousand,
Through the false Stewards read, and yet he was first dead.
It is true without lesing, of falshood cometh no good ending,
In every street men might see, men in great pain to die,
Heads paredclose by the eyes, thanks cut off by the thighes,
Hands and armes both cut off, heads and helmets tumbling aloft:
Dead bodies quartered into three, that it was great pity to see,
When Bevis his enemies had destroyed, unto Putneth he him hied.
Iosian was never so fain, as when she saw Bevis again.
Bevis took Iosian full soon, and to South-hampton came anon:
There he thought without fail, to abide the King battail.

How King *Edgar* took truce with *Bevis*, & wedded his daughter to *Miles*, and made him Lord of *Cornwale*, that which longed to Sir *Brian*, the Steward, whom *Bevis* slew in the City of *London*.

Tidings came to King Edgare, of the fighting that was there;
King Edgare then old full right, and sent after Baron and Knight.
And said, by my Stewards read, many of my men are dead:
I am now an old man, and Bevis much of war can.
He came hither from far, with great power on me to war:
Two sons he hath brought, how to agree I take great thought:
Miles shall wed my daughter free, and so our strife allwayd shall be,
He shall be Earl of Cornwale, that was Brians without fail;
All they counselled him so, a Messenger the King sent tho.

To

FINIS.